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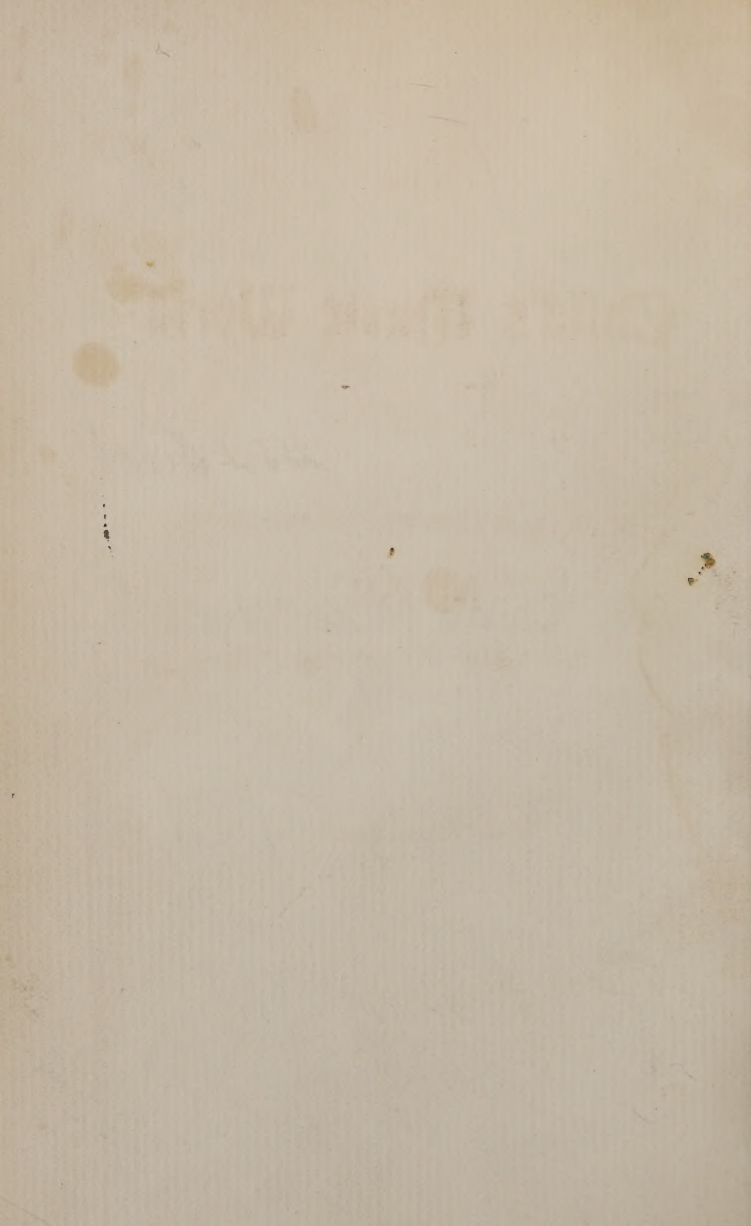
Thomas Lapper.

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The Child's Music World



THE
Child's Music World

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SOME CHAPTERS IN THE STORY OF

MUSIC

MADE FOR YOUNG READERS

BY

THOMAS TAPPER

PHILADELPHIA

THE HATCH MUSIC COMPANY

1897

555

2 copies

Thomas Taffer,

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PREFACE.



THE purpose of this book is to serve as a suggestion to teachers who desire their students to become acquainted with the Story of Music. It is not the purpose to present names, dates, and facts to be painfully memorized and easily forgotten. Experience teaches that the facts of history take place and interconnection in the mind very slowly; it also teaches, that if general principles and tendencies are appreciated first, it is all the easier to put in the details afterwards. Learned in this way, history is less difficult and vastly more entertaining than it is when reduced to a categorical collection of questions about facts that

seem isolated and well-nigh impossible to keep together.

I have intimated above that this book, though ostensibly for children, must reach them through the more experienced one—mother, teacher, or the older student. Children have a happy, delightful way of getting along without books. But they seem also to have an equally happy and delightful way of enjoying books that come within their experience and comprehension. It is within the power of teachers to do much with children that shall interest them broadly in music study. Stories of the composers, incidents in the lives of all great men, anecdotes of musicians and of music-lovers, former quaint customs in music ; these and many others, if properly presented, will form interesting matter in a child's music life.

Children are primarily doers. The wisdom of teaching is to direct their doing, to make their activity proceed in a definite direction ; taking care that this shall cause neither restraint nor friction. The great secret of all education is to implant

fundamental principles early in life. Of equal import is it not to mistake, at any time during years of learning, facts for education.

I would suggest, in the use of this book, that those parts which teachers find to be within the comprehension of their classes be read aloud to them, or by them. It also will be found advisable for the teacher to tell the children, in language which she knows they will understand, what the principal thoughts are of each chapter. In the frequent allusions to other works made in the foot-notes, many original sources are opened to those who desire to follow special lines of thought further than these chapters take them.

All this, of course, is labor for the teacher. It is, however, demonstrated clearly every day that only those who labor beyond what they expect to receive in return are successful. The moment a subject one is following is bathed in the sentiment of "too much work," then stagnation and mediocrity arise, usurping places that belong to enthusiasm and progress.

The principal points, then, are these :—

- I. Implant early in life as many fundamental principles as possible.
- II. General principles first, details afterwards.
- III. Isolated facts have no value.
- IV. True education demands activity. *We know what we do.* The basis of all knowledge is personal experience.
- V. Hence, a teacher should create activities and direct them.

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Music in the Busy World

“Let the older one think not of himself, but let him love the younger for the sake of the inheritance which he places in his heart to cherish anew ; for the day will come when the same shall be proclaimed for the welfare of humanity, the world over.”

RICHARD WAGNER, *Opera and Drama*.

CHAPTER I.

The Wonderful Rain.



IN India there is a pretty fable.*
When it rains and the star
Svâtî is in ascendancy the rain
has a wonderful power.

Should a drop fall into an
oyster it would become a pearl.

The oyster knows this, and if the rain
falls in Svâtî-time it seeks to catch the
precious drop.

When one falls into its shell, the oyster
dives to the bottom of the sea and waits
for its pearl to develop.

Now, in all fables there are words which
are heavy with great meaning. All the
others seem to furnish their strength to

* See the lecture on Pratyâhâra and Dhâranâ by the
Swami Vivekânanda.

these few. The value of the fable is in them. The fabulist knows that sounds fall upon the ear more impressively at one moment than at another. In this sense, the first and the last words are strong. They are the greeting and the farewell, and we remember them.

What were the last words in the fable? They were these: "*And waits for its pearl to develop.*" We shall come to that thought again and again in this book.

It is an illustration of our duty. When Svâtî, which we shall call Opportunity, is in ascendancy and there falls rain which we shall call Teaching, its drops are precious. If we catch but one it will become a pearl, *if we wait for it to develop*. But we must *want* to catch the drop, for it is out of the desire that the wonderful power comes. And the pearl that this teaching becomes is called Knowledge.

As we study the Story of Music we shall learn that true knowledge comes from three things—wishing, working, and waiting. And that is how a pearl comes out of Svâtî rain.

CHAPTER II.

Where the Stories are Told.



WHEN the geologist reads the story of the Earth, he does not need to wish for the privilege of having lived constantly through the centuries of the past. He knows that if he is careful and patient he can find everything about other days written for him in the great book of Nature. That book is the Earth itself. So he studies it. Then the Sand-grain and the Matterhorn are alike wonderful chapters to him. He sees the past in both, as if he were looking through a wonder-glass ; he sees Nature's first letters in the spelling of the strange events of her story ; and he marvels at the simplicity of her ways.

He reads it all as a language, and it tells him so much that he feels himself a part of the dim and mystic days gone by. To him, because he will listen and is patient, Nature never tires of relating her tales, more wonderful by far than Indian fables ; filled with happenings stranger than those of Mowgli in the jungle ; abounding in power stronger than that of Svâtî rain.

The geologist, then, reads the story of the Earth by looking about him. *He knows that in things as they are there is written the story of things as they have been.* He knows that Nature chronicles faithfully, omitting no happening whatever.

It is the same in any other story. In music as it is, there is written the entire story of music as it has been.

We shall not wish to have lived in ancient days, when China was learning to make the flute, and India the Vina ; nor to have witnessed with our own eyes the playing of the minstrel.* If we read the

* " But now bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him."—II Kings, iii, 15.

story of music *as we have it about us*, deeply and with care, we shall, as the geologist, live in the past. The father of those that handle the harp and the organ, the Troubadour, the Songmaker, all shall be our friends, won by learning of their handiwork as bequeathed us in the skill of their brethren of to-day.

CHAPTER III.

Down in the Busy World.



EVER before has anyone, high or low, rich or poor, had so good and so great opportunities to partake of the joys and benefits of music. Every day busy writers are wondering and working—for it is the wonder of a writer which sets him to work—to find a way by which people may be led to know more about music and about all those things which are true and beautiful. The wonder and the work are to find how the happiness which is in art shall be free for all ; free and joy-giving to those who know much and those who know little, to the young and the old, to the sightless and to those blessed with true eyes ; even to the crim-

inals and the unfortunate. For all of these the thought is—how shall we work and speak in such ways and words as will give them joy and increase their love for what is noblest and choicest in life? All who work, whether it be at the desk in writing thoughts for others to read, or at the ruder occupations, should have this purpose in mind; namely, to increase people's love for those things which are highest and best. The Svâtî rain is not always falling. When it comes we must lose no chance to catch its drops.

Once a Roman emperor said that we should understand the world's affairs better if we would go, in fancy, far above the earth towards the blue sky and look down on the activities below us. Let us try it. If we look at what men are doing in behalf of sweet sounds, what shall we see? Many activities, to be sure. There are busy schools, busy teachers and students, busy printing-offices, busy editors and readers—so many busy people, in fact, that, if we should close our eyes and think of them for a moment, we might almost con-

clude that all the world is busy in behalf of beautiful tones.

But, if there are many people thus employed, there are yet thousands of others. Near all the great cities stand huge factories. (Some day, when people *truly* love the beautiful, they will be very careful where they build the factories, and they will not be as ugly nor as filthy as we now often have them.) Well, some of these factories of every city, employ skillful men and women, who labor, day after day, in making music instruments. Each one must do a little part, and do it well. So we have pianos and organs, and brass instruments and the other sorts, an infinite variety altogether. Now the best of them are those made bit by bit, with such great care that when the bits are put together the whole shall be found perfect, because the parts have been made by people working for perfection. Then the completed instrument—perhaps it is a piano—is carefully packed, put upon a wagon, taken to a railway station, thence to an attractive salesroom, undoubtedly in the city, where

it is exhibited until someone, who is in search of just such a piano, comes and orders it to be sent home.

Let us imagine it to be a very beautiful home. Of course, we know it cannot be taken to this home unless more men move it, with their hands and with wagons and trains. We soon begin to think that even for *one* person to have a piano, ever so many other people have to work hard. It is true, but is it not worth the trouble when, at length, it has been properly placed in its room? Certainly ; it is beautiful to see, and someone who loves the rarity of true work will tell you that it is beautiful to touch. All its wonderful qualities are brought out by hands that are sensitive in the love of what they do, and skilled in the ways of it. These are rare hands. When *they* are placed upon the smooth, white keys the very heart is touched. Then we know what messages may come to us from the piano, and we think that all the time and labor which are needed to make one are well spent.

Out of this picture (and will you not be-

lieve it to be a true picture?) we get the first among the great truths which can teach us to be good and valuable in the world. The truth that I mean is this :
/ Nothing can be made good and useful and beautiful unless much time and much careful, gentle labor be put into it. That is a truth for everything ; for making delicate things, for learning, for building, for singing, for doing all things, in fact, which pertain to *well* doing.

This truth has value because it teaches us *not* to put faith in little, nor in careless doing ; not to hope for much when we have been willing to do only a trifle ; not to believe that with half the thoughts in one place, and half somewhere else, the work will be well done. We cannot work so, and no one ever could. And we shall see as we study the story of music that great things happen, that men labor and become great, that writers and singers and players are regarded as truly great *because there is no littleness in them.*

We must be prepared to find in the story of music the same truth we find in doing a

problem in arithmetic, the right result comes—and the right result is always the best one, remember—the right result comes because every step was properly taken. Steps properly taken make a sure path, safe to follow. If you should turn from this book, thinking you would prefer to read the story of architecture, or of painting, or of Indian fables, you would find just the same lesson back of all, as you will find here in the story of music, great art and great men come out of doing little things admirably.)

CHAPTER IV.

Here and There on the Earth.



OW very busy we made the world with its music! But let us obey the good Roman and stay a bit longer above the earth; we see so much more clearly in that way. There are, as we have seen, the factories with their huge, ever-smoking chimneys, employing men by hundreds, and there are horses, trains, stores, salesmen, and a host of others, all as busy as they can be, making musical instruments ready for music lovers to come and buy.

But we have more to see. There are the writers, the paper-makers, the printers, men to make the bundles, messengers and letter-carriers to take them to and from the post-office. It truly seems as if there were

no end to it. Yet, besides these, listen to the schools and conservatories—singing, playing, lesson-giving, all taking place as if there were nothing else to be done in all the world.

Now, we are not so high above the earth but what we can see the people going to the concerts and to the music lectures. Here and there, however, the city (and the country, too) seems too busily devoted to other things that the people may ever have a moment to think of music. But look closely and you will presently see that there are those who go to these places with their music. There is the organ-man, the blind flute-player, and the sorry-looking fiddler. Even these find a place where their music may be heard. And if such as these may make music which others listen to (for people *do* listen even to the worst fiddler in the streets) is it not possible that we, who love finer ways and places and things—can learn music which other people shall hear gladly?

And we must not forget Sunday—the quiet day of the week—when it is still

and people may *hear* their better thoughts. We cannot even count the church-spires, but then, they are below us and from beneath everyone of them comes singing. There must be millions of singers ! The wonder is that we can hear anything else.

Since we have been up here we have simply turned the entire world into a busy music place. Well, the world is surely a busy music place, and if we could gather together the multitudes of the earth, and if we could look into the hearts of every one of them, *millions of hearts, that means*, we should find scarcely one (I do not believe there is one) in which there is not some sort of love for sweet sounds.

When we think of that, it is not so surprising that the world is busy with its music. Even the poor savage loves to beat his drum. The rhythm of it charms him. He sings, too, perhaps ; not pleasing to our ears, but, no doubt, beautiful to his own. Above him in the trees are the other singers whom we all know. They, too, have a melody quite their own ; and we look, and listen, and wonder, and after all

we learn that each one sings in his own way ; out of his own heart, in praise, happiness, and thankfulness.

When we have thought this over, all we need to, when we have looked well upon all these strange activities, when we have looked into millions of hearts, what is to be done next? The hardest thing of all; and that is—to look into our own hearts. Our first words about music were that no one has ever had better opportunity to learn it, hear it, love it, than we all have now. Then we looked well over the world and saw it full to overflowing with music and music people ; and we have talked about that more or less ever since. What could be the purpose? Let us see. A little while ago a lady who has a truly pure heart told me that she was to play to the children of a blind asylum, and I asked her :

“What shall you play?”

And she said :

“The happiest music I know.”

That is the wisdom of a pure heart. There is that about music which makes us

know ourselves. When it is merry, it seeks out merriment in us ; when it is sad, we, too, are sad. And do we not walk more bravely to the stirring rhythm of a march ? So it seems to make us do its bidding ; it finds our many thoughts and ways and lifts us above our little doings ; and “ the happiest music I know ” is just what a little child should hear.

If, in all the days of our lives, we do but add a trifle to what we know, it will surprisingly increase. And, often, a talent—even *one* talent—which is made daily to gain something, becomes soon a rich possession. Then it is a blessing in every day of its growth, because people can find joy in it. A boy who plays an ordinary music instrument which he can carry in his pocket, and plays it well, that is with taste, carefully, and lovingly (it *must* be played that way), will give ever so much joy and happiness to others. I know that is so for I have seen and heard it done.

Now, as we follow the story of music in this phase and that, let us pay heed to the fact—and keep it always in mind—that

men make art the greater, that is, they put more power into it, when they make it the means by which they reveal their true aspirations. That is what men have been doing, in all the years of the past, who have given us true music, true pictures, true statues, true things of all kinds.

The First Music of the
Busy World

“The first musical instrument of mankind was, without doubt, the voice. Vocal music prevails very decidedly over instrumental in the lowest stages of civilization.”

DR. ERNST GROSSE, “*The Beginnings of Art.*”

CHAPTER V.

In the Corners of the Earth.



WE were, if you remember, above the Earth, looking down upon its activities. Yet, in spite of so fine a position, we had to look keenly or we should have missed much of the music that is quietly going on here and there.

All over the world there are places—one might call them retired nooks and corners—where people go about their business and the rest of the world is little the wiser. We all know that travelers are forever trying to get at these places. They go to the wilds of Africa and of Australia, to the islands of the murmuring seas, and to the frozen north. Why do they go to these places? Idly, out of curiosity? No. Life

is too precious for that. Years of it cannot be risked amid awful dangers merely for the desire to see strange sights. Great travelers, like all other great men, work for a great purpose. And their purpose is to read the story of the Earth everywhere, to go wherever the words of a chapter may be even indistinctly traced ; to put all the parts together, making a complete story, and then trace backward from that as far as they can. Let us remember that things are as we see them not out of mere accident, but because of what has been.

All travelers have felt that in learning the customs of primitive people they are really seeing the first steps in the story of human life. They know that out of just such beginnings as savages make there has come the civilization shown by our great cities, by our purest homes, by our poets, musicians, artists, and by all those of active, ever-inquiring minds and good hearts. So they have watched everything they could in the life of primitive people ; how they live, work, build, plant, sing, dance, speak, and think. It is very plain,

I am sure, why they do this. They are reading chapters in the story.

When we think of what is meant by Music in the Busy World, I am sure that there comes into our minds only thoughts of the music we know and hear ; of the compositions we have to study, of the great artists who go from place to place displaying their wonderful power. But it means more than this. When in May-days we are laughing in gladness among the flowers, when at Christmas-time our hearts are overflowing with happiness, we may think that whether there be flowers or snow about us there are many reasons for merriment and thankfulness.

As with seasons so with places ; the rudest tribes of the tropics, where it is always May-days and warmer, and the people of the Arctic regions have their happiness, their joy, their duty to perform. As we celebrate May-day and Christmas-tide with songs, so they celebrate the rare events of life.

This is going on just as we proceed with our activities ; it matters not whether it be

in Boston, New York, or Paris ; whether it be in the far north where snow and ice are never absent, or on the tropic islands of the southern seas, everywhere people are performing duties, celebrating occasions with music, greeting guests with song, dancing to show their merry hearts. With the exalted so is it with those in lowly places, all act from the dictates of the heart as sacredly and as generously as they know.

In the next chapter we shall see what people do with music in some of the Corners of the Earth.

CHAPTER VI.

Where the Story Begins.



WE have already spoken of the savage loving to beat his drum, charmed by the rhythm, and singing a song in his gladness or sorrow. Travelers have discovered that all nations of the earth sing and dance. In both they find enjoyment and in both they put meaning. This is so even with the lowest. One traveler discovered among the Botocudo people what is believed to be the rudest music to be heard on the earth. "The singing of the men is a bellowing in three or four notes, now high, now low." *

Savage tribes use the dance as we employ music, for the celebration of various

* Dr. Grosse, "The Beginnings of Art."

occasions. Thus, as we have songs of country, of home, of special days, so they have dances—there are dances of peace, of war, of the hunt, of the fruit-ripening, the dance of death, and countless others. In Greenland, the Eskimos have what is called the tambourine dance. A traveler saw there once a gathering of two hundred men for a festival and dance which lasted all night.

Many of the Greenlanders have so much musical ability that they can extemporize songs. The seal hunt is a favorite subject. When a singer makes a song, the company, as a chorus, join at the end of each stanza singing "Eia-eia-a! Eia-eia-a!" There is a curious custom in Greenland. When a man thinks someone has done him a wrong he composes a song about it. This song is learned by all his friends so that they can sing it by heart. Then the man announces his intention of having the trouble brought forth for settlement.

Many people assemble to hear the complaint and the reply of the other man. The injured one states his case by singing

it, dancing all the while. Into his song he puts as much ridicule and sarcasm as he can. Then the one who is charged with the wrong comes forth and defends himself by singing and dancing. When neither has anything further to say the people present decide who is in the right. Their judgment is final and the men are obliged to part as friends.*

While it may not please us to know that song is made the means of expressing ridicule and sarcasm, it is good to know that people who are adversaries are made to part as friends through its means.

Rhythm is the soul of action. We, in our greater way, invent intricate rhythms and clothe them with melody. That is what melody is—the outer manifestation of rhythm. Therefore, you see that dancing is rhythm shown forth by the body ; it is the melody of the body, in other words.

In some southern countries, when they

* "Greenland's Ice Fields and Life in the North Atlantic," chapter 6, by G. F. Wright, D. D., and Warren Upham.

Nansen and others have noted this custom.

have a festival, the men dance and the women form the orchestra. In some Indian tribes mothers express their sorrow over a dead child "by singing a melancholy chant and dancing with a wild swaying of the body." In Bohemia it is believed that seven-year-old children will become beautiful by dancing in the flax. In some African ceremonies the men dance, the women scream a song, and the boys and girls beat time with their feet.* In the Philippine Islands there is a ceremony performed by twelve young girls forming a circle and one standing in the middle to direct.

Some low tribes conduct the dance in a truly wonderful way. Everything is orderly, effective, and strange, like our performances at the theatre. You will see this in the following description of an Australian dance †:—

"The scene is a clearing in the bush. In the middle of it blazes a large fire, the

* See various allusions to Dancing in A. F. Chamberlin's "The Child and Childhood in Folk-Thought."

† Substantially from Dr. Ernst Grosse's "The Beginnings of Art," by permission of D. Appleton & Co.

ruddy glare of which is mingled with the bluish light of the full moon. The dancers are not yet visible ; they have retired into the dark shrubbery, to put on their festal decorations. On one side of the fire sit the women, who are to form the orchestra. All at once a crackling of twigs and a rustling of people are heard and the dancers appear. There are thirty men, and they have come into the circle of the fire-light. They are painted with rings around the eyes and long streaks on the body.

“Meanwhile, the women have arranged themselves, facing one another, into a group shaped like a horseshoe. Each holds on her knee a tightly-folded opossum skin. Between the women and the fire stands the director, who holds a stick in each hand. The spectators sit or stand around in a large circle.

“When all is ready the director casts a searching glance at the dancers, then turns and slowly approaches the orchestra of women. He strikes his two sticks together, the dancers arrange themselves in line with the rapidity of lightning, advance, and then

halt. In this pause the director reviews the line. All is now in order and at last he gives the signal to begin. He beats the time with his two sticks, the dancers fall in with the movement ; the women sing and beat on the opossum hides, and the dance (it is called the *Corroborry*) begins.

“It is astonishing how accurately the time is kept ; the tunes and the movements are all in unison. The dancers move smoothly. They assume all possible positions, sometimes springing aside, sometimes advancing, sometimes retiring one or two steps ; they stretch and bend themselves, swing their arms and stamp with their feet.

“Nor is the director idle. While he is beating the time with his sticks he continually sings a peculiar nasal song, louder or more softly by turn, as he makes a step forward or backward. He does not stand in the same place for an instant ; now he turns toward the dancers, now toward the women, who lift up their voices with all their might. The dancers gradually become more excited, the time-sticks are struck faster, the motions become more

rapid and vigorous, the dancers shake themselves, spring into the air to an incredible height, and finally utter a shrill cry as if from one mouth. An instant later and they have all vanished into the bushes as suddenly as they came out of them.

“ This concludes the first act of the *corroborry*. Then the second, third, fourth, and fifth acts are similarly performed. At one time the dancers form a band four files deep ; the first line springs aside, those behind it advance, and in this way the mass moves forward. The troop now looks like a tangle of bodies and limbs, and one would think the dancers were about to break one another's skulls with their sticks. But in reality strict order prevails. The excitement is at its height, the dancers cry out, stamp, and jump ; the women beat time as if they were crazy, and sing with all the strength of their lungs ; the fire which is blazing up high scatters a shower of red sparks over the wild scene. Then the director raises his hands high over his head. A loud clapping breaks

through the tumult, and the next instant the dancers are gone. The women and the spectators rise and disperse. A half-hour later nothing is stirring in the moonlight clearing except the waning fire."

CHAPTER VII.

The First Songs.



THE songs of a people are the story of its life told in music. As we look down upon the earth we shall distinguish first its larger divisions ; the continents and the seas. On the continents many people dwell, all firmly, even sternly, devoted to their own race. These races are the nations. All nations have had to struggle, to fight, to build, to move, to learn the danger of war, the blessing and comfort of peace. And a nation may have the rudest story to tell that we can imagine, yet, despite that, it has a history which its wise men relate either in story or in song ; but whether they have the story or not, they surely have the song.

Some nations that are yet very primitive have a high regard for the serious use of song and of the dance. "Dancing is a serious business among the Daitcho; I rarely saw a man ever smile; a woman, never." * A good singer is one who can make up the best song.†

As nations learn more their songs naturally tell more. Early in its life a nation's songs tell very little. The Abongo people,‡ a race of dwarfs in West Africa, have no musical instruments, and content themselves by striking two pieces of wood together, singing to this rhythmic accompaniment :

"The white man is a good man
And gives the Abongo salt."

Among the Bubis in Africa Dr. Baumann heard men singing for hours :

"The shark bites the Bubi's hand."

* "Through Jungle and Desert." Chapter 9. By William Astor Chanler.

† "Travels in West Africa," by Mary H. Kingsley. Chapter 3.

‡ "Primitive Music," R. Wallaschek.

These words were used over and over again. Some nations have simple accompaniments to their songs and dances. Others are more elaborate. One African orchestra was noted by a traveler to consist of three drums, one wooden trumpet, several cow-horns, and sticks which were beaten together. This orchestra played to tunes which are described as being "all in minor and of a pretty, plaintive effect."* In the songs of another people one other fact has been noted: "The M'pongue and Igalwa boat-songs are all very pretty and have very elaborate tunes in a minor key. *Any words the singer desires may be put to the music.*" Then again, among the Gas and Bubis, tunes are voice tunes, not instrumental. All nations of the Earth have their songs and singers.

All this means that despite what a nation has to do in building and working, in peace and in war, in labor of all kinds, it still has something deep down in its life that cannot be expressed in any of these ways.

* "Twelve Hundred Miles in a Wagon." Alice Balfour. Page 259.

Despite all its activities and its learning, though there be skilled generals and workers and statesmen, still there is something unexpressed. Out of the heart of a great nation there may come all these things and more ; but still there remains something to be told ; that is a song.

Busy as the life of a people may be, there are its singers who can express in their beautiful way what no one else can tell. The people may feel it, but someone must know how to say it. If one sings truly with love and honor, he always makes a great song. That is the way the songs of a nation come. Let us think what it is we love in our land : home and the song of home, and the flowers of home, and the flag of home. These always find their way to our hearts. And what do they mean ? Home is, as it is commonly said, where the heart is, it is where the joy and sympathy, the peace and pleasure of life are ; the song of home is the heart's assurance of faith in the fatherland, and the flowers of home are the true smiles of the fields and lanes ; while the flag of

home is the great and enduring assurance of all there is in our land.

It is not alone the fatherland songs which a nation loves, but the songs of its greatest life singers. These are the ones who win their way into the love of a people. They must, to be sure, know how to sing their messages. We have already talked about that. But before the knowledge of how to sing has any value there must be something to be said. When songs are made that way all the people love them.

What has a good song? These things : truth, heart, and beauty. So likewise all music has them, and further still, our life has them, everywhere, always. All the good people we know are people of truth, for they love honor and heart and beauty ; because *these are dear to them.*

CHAPTER VIII.

The Strength of Songs.



HAT all people love song means, of course, that song has power. It is said that in Milan, where there had been established a school for singing more than twelve hundred years ago, soldiers were once ordered to enter a church in pursuit of the Christian worshipers. These were singing the plain-chant in the simple spirit of praise unto the Lord. And the divine hymn that went up from their fervent hearts was so powerful in its purity that the soldiers, instead of driving the Christians away, became converts on the spot.

Of the songs we know and use none are very old. We have a few examples of Greek songs, and a few remnants from

the centuries down to more recent times. Really it may be said that we know no songs that were written before Columbus came to America.

Nearly all we know and hear in music has been written within three centuries. Dr. Thibaut, of Heidelberg, who was one of the first to write of the value of national songs, says: "Ancient melodies possess a charm that never grows old, and, like many national airs, live on fresh and blooming in a nation's memory." In them he finds written the grandeur of ancient times; and the melodies show the value of the people in the older countries. "The study of ancient national airs affords us a profound insight into the character of different peoples."

This means, as you can see, that the life of nations is actually shown in their music. Hence we see that in the music we have there is written the history of the past. When a great nation makes a song or adopts one and preserves it as worthy of love, it will be found "pure and clear in character, like that of a child."

“Pay heed to the people’s songs ; they are a mine of the most beautiful melodies, and will tell you much about the character of the different nations.” That is true in a peculiar sense, for when we hear a folk song we seem at once to understand the full meaning of it. So much meaning has been put into it that the moment its tones are heard strength comes out of it and we know at once how great it is.

Some of the finest melodies in the world are folk songs. Many of them were written a long time ago, but they live, ever as full of love, and of devotion, and of patriotism as in the beginning, because out of these sentiments of the heart they were born.

If the folk melodies are among the first we learn, they will remain to us a charming heritage. Year by year they will sink deeper into the heart, finding a place so secure that we shall cherish them above our learning. They have in them comfort and strength. Time and again the song of the heart makes us happy. Then we understand him who said if he knew who made the songs of a nation it matters not

who made the laws. Fatherland songs make us fatherland lovers, and then our country is safe in the great love we bear it.

The true song of the fatherland comes from the strength of a nation's life. Often a national song is made under peculiar circumstances, as, for example, the "Marseillaise." It is said that at a banquet in Strasbourg, in April, 1792, the mayor of the city requested one of the company, Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle, to write a war-song for the departing volunteers. He sat all night at his desk and in the morning the song was finished. Perhaps no other song was ever written in such a peculiar way. One can see in a moment that it sprang from the intense love of country which everyone felt uppermost in his heart. This is one of the most famous of national melodies. Thomas Carlyle said: "Its sound shall make the blood of men tingle, and whole armies shall sing it with tears."

There are no melodies more touching, more truly the songs of a people, than the melodies of the negro race. Their true

life, the whisperings of their hearts, are in every tone.

As we look upon the nations of the world we see them busy in many ways, one of which is that they are writing in tones the story of their life, to be sung from the hearts of nations yet unborn.

CHAPTER IX.

Learning the Better Song.



WE learned in a previous chapter that in studying the songs of a nation we are really learning about the character of its people.

When we listen attentively to music we soon discover that there are two kinds very much unlike each other. First, there is that kind which people call pure music. Those of education admire it, and seek to know it better by learning its lessons and its meanings. Second, there is a kind common to people who are not striving. It is music made rather to please or to carry out a common thought, than to invite us to inspect it closely that we may find true beauty.

If we look closely at the motives of people, especially the motives of people who are seeking daily to make their way into a higher kind of life (that means really into a *better* life) we shall discover that as far as music and education are concerned they have only one very dear wish, and that wish (which should be yours and mine and everyone's who wants to know more of true life and of the true things of life) is to understand *meanings* properly and fully; the meaning of the best music, of the best books, of the best works of art. To understand them in this, the proper way, means that they yield us the true kind of pleasure, happiness, and comfort. That, as we shall see, is a wonderful life to live, letting us have deep enjoyment from the beautiful things about us.

Looking yet closer at people's wishes we shall discover another thing. It is this: Those who are striving to go upward into the sweet enjoyment of true art have forever turned the back upon degraded art; and degraded art means badly written verses, purposeless music (that is without

good purpose), pictures made for a mean end, vases with untrue lines, glass meant to imitate a true gem. These things, all of them and scores of others, are degraded art, and a true person who learns to know true things will surely turn forever from them. These they despise and rightly. But, never fail to remember this: they despise them *sorrowfully*. And why? Because they know that many people, knowing no better or unwilling to know better, look upon these things daily and learn to like them. Association makes them dear. This is indeed enough to make one sorrowful.

Once an English writer on music took a tour just to discover the ways in which the people show their love for music. He noticed the boys whistling in the streets, the people about the strolling players, the student singers, and all the others. And he saw that although we regard music as quite common, it is even commoner than one would believe. In all the long centuries of the past, men have been singing; and they have always sung because they

loved sweet sounds. There could be no other reason. They have sung their gladness and their sorrow.

While music for the orchestra, the piano, the organ, and the other instruments is very beautiful, there is yet a class of music loved alike by all people and loved quite as much for its sweet association as for its beauty. The symphony and sonata, the oratorio and the opera, are really understood thoroughly by very few. What it has taken great education to produce can be understood only by educated people. The music we hear daily in the streets is not the work of great writers. It is generally the popular song of the day, and people like it for various reasons, some of which may be that the melody is bright, the words witty, and the title of the song attractive.

These are the highest and lowest kinds of music that we hear. The people of great musical thought may not like some popular songs, and the uneducated people do not understand sonatas and symphonies. All people seem to love music for the thought

which they associate with it. This makes us think at once of a very simple thing, which is this: If we take away words from melodies which were intended for the people, then, in all but a very few cases, it would be true that the music itself would not win many hearts. It has been said by a writer about music that if the "Watch on the Rhine" or the "Marseillaise" had been written *only as music* and with no word explanation of what the composer intended, they would never have been learned or loved. Now we can learn two things at once, if we set out properly. The first is this, that music which is written for all must have a purpose. Second, music which is intended for people in general, not alone for the finely educated in music, must either tell a beautiful or a noble sentiment, or it must be *doing* music, that is, music to march to, or for dancing, or music indicating a moving picture. These two thoughts really mean a great deal.

It is interesting to see such vivid pictures of uncivilized music and dancing as we had in a preceding chapter, and it is

interesting, too, to hear the music of the greatest masters. But there is in the world one other very interesting music incident. It is that of observing uncivilized and rude peoples trying to learn songs of those who are above them. A missionary named Hahn, who experimented in wheat-raising in the country of the Namaqua Hottentots, noticed that the bushmen learned quickly the European melodies which he sang. They learned even to sing Chorales and to enjoy them.* The traveler, Burchell, met tribes on his journey to Kaffirland which found great delight in European music. In the evening scores of boys would come to his hut to listen while he played airs on the violin. They enjoyed all these airs, and could repeat them with great accuracy.†

Of the Greenlanders it is said that they have a good share of musical talent. Their own music performed at the drum dances is monotonous and uses only a few tones; as a rule, only four or five. The East

* "The Beginnings of Art," Dr Grosse.

† "Primitive Music," R. Wallaschek.

Greenlanders believe that when they sleep beside a river they hear in its murmuring the singing of the dead, and they try to imitate it in their music.*

But the Greenlanders have adopted many European songs, and Dr. Nansen says it has a quaint and surprising effect to hear suddenly among the mountains and glaciers of that frozen northern land a song which is popular in the streets of Copenhagen.

Dr. Nansen has also described the Greenland dance. It offers, he says, a picturesque spectacle. The room is half-lighted by oil lamps and is crowded with people, young and old. All wear brightly colored garments of many hues, some take part in the dance, others look on. Everywhere there is sparkling merriment and good humor. In former days the music was supplied by a violin ; now the accordion is much used.

Another writer on the music of the Greenlanders speaks very interestingly about their singing of European songs :—

* Fridtjof Nansen, "Eskimo Life."

“ Sunday morning came, and it was cold and rainy. Going down to our boats we heard singing in one of the *igloos* (huts). Stooping down before the low door and pushing it open on our hands and knees, we were welcomed by motions into the most interesting church service I ever expected to attend. Here was gathered the whole community for Sunday morning worship. Of course, I could not understand the words of their hymn, but the tune was a grand German Chorale, in which all united, maintaining perfectly the slow, dignified, and effective movement.”

At another service, at Sukkertoppen, a little church capable of seating four hundred was crowded, “the men sitting on one side, the women and children upon the other, while a score or more of dusky bright-eyed babies peered over the shoulders of their mothers or older sisters, and added to the service by their gentle but constant crooning.”

The service was conducted by a native. There was here a reed organ, upon which

a native played, supplying the interludes and harmonies that accompany a German Chorale.* This is an example of learning the better song. It shows that when people, be what they may, hear true music they will take it into life as a part of themselves. And it should be the resolution of every one of us to let no day pass without hearing some true music; and to spend not a single moment of any day with music that has not truth in it.

* "Greenland's Icefields and Life in the North Atlantic," by G. F. Wright and Warren Upham.

CHAPTER X.

Some Things to Remember.



LOOKING about the world, as we have, we see every nation busy in its affairs ; each after its own needs and ways. And every nation, whatever the nature of its needs and ways, has some form or other of music. We saw the music of our own land and home ; music in the barren north and in the countries of wild tribes. Every one sings, dances, and has instruments to play. Out of this there are two things to learn :—

First : All people love sounds and make them as artistically as they can.

Second : To sing, to play, and to dance teach people a valuable lesson ;

namely, how to act together for one purpose.*

Hence we see that it is out of very lowly beginnings we have learned the lesson of acting in concert. Great armies move as one man, great choirs sing as of one voice, great orchestras play as if of one instrument, because for centuries men have been trying in one way and another to learn the lesson of acting together for a single purpose. Hence, in education we find that it is ✓ wise to teach children to do many things in concert; one of them is singing in school. In that no one must be above the rest—all are equal—working for one end, namely, to produce the music rightly.

If, then, we find on looking about the world, music from the rudest to the most refined kind, what does it mean? It means that if we look into the past we shall find the same thing exactly, because, as we stated in the beginning, in music as

* In his book "The Beginnings of Art," Dr. Grosse finds the entire value of the Dance in its condition of social unification.

it is about us there is written the story of music as it has been.

Now, here and there in this book we shall stop to inquire what we have learned. As we study the story of music we shall often meet with a fact worth remembering. Some time you may have to study the story in detail, learning lots of names and dates and facts, but in this first reading there is no need of attempting more than to gain a little knowledge of music's ways and the manner in which it has been regarded by men.

Thus far we have been over many pages and have spent quite a while, like a child in a toy-shop, looking at this wonder and at that. Now, when the child leaves the toy-shop and goes home through the busy streets of the city, stopping, perhaps, at other shops on the way, the full remembrance of that first wonderful toy-shop may be disturbed by the other things. But if he loses no time in thinking the matter over, it will all come back vividly and to his delight. Yet the delight will be not in the remembrance of every one of the toys, but

in the remembrance of those that to him were the best. He may not care who made them or on what shelf they were ; he will simply remember them for themselves.

So with this music story. We have seen many parts of the world and many people—the sorry fiddler, the dancing savage, and the crooning Eskimo baby ; we have talked about the ways of music people, about song-makers and music lovers. Now let us all remember, as a lesson, these few things. They are not many, and always in the future as we go deeper into the study of history these facts will help us :—

- I. The refined and wonderful music which we are accustomed to hear has come from rude music which was practiced by the people of the earth centuries and centuries ago.
- II. The ruder nations of the earth have to-day forms of music which must be somewhat similar to those forms out of which pure music has come.
- III. Some people are actually trying in this day to take to themselves the purer

music of highly civilized nations. (We saw this in the Eskimo church service.)

- IV. In the dances of all people, from the lowest to the highest, we see a proof of man's universal love for Rhythm.
- V. When we see many people working together, whether it be savages in a dance or a class of children singing in school, we may know that they are learning the great lesson of acting with others for one purpose.
- VI. Instrumental music is developed after man has learned to sing and to produce rhythm. The first use of instruments is for rhythmic purposes.

These few facts which you can now understand are easily learned and will always prove useful. Now for a little while longer let us go through the toy-shops, then stop again and try to remember what things are the most attractive, and what manner of things have the most meaning in them.

The Story Long Ago

Wie die Alten singen
So zwitschern auch die Jungen.

CHAPTER XI.

Poetry Stories.



WHEN the wind whispers mysteriously and fearfully in the dark corners we know that goblins are talking. When on winter mornings the window-panes are adorned with ferns, and trees, and trailing vines, we know an artist has painted them in the night.

Likewise on Christmas morning when we find in the stocking just those things for which we have been wishing, we know that a good-hearted, jolly little man brought them down the chimney in the night. When we hold sea-shells to our ears we know that the murmuring ocean sings for us in them.

These and many others are the poetry stories of our childhood ; stories we love forever because they belong to our early days. Now there is something to be learned : As children have their stories and fancies about what they do not understand, so nations have the same. Children's stories and pretty imaginations are called fairy-tales, while the stories and imaginations of nations are called Mythology. The names are different, but the thing itself is quite the same for both.

A little child and a nation take equal delight in explaining those strange events which they do not understand. In that way pleasant things are made more beautiful, and unpleasant ones more frightful. To a little child the Bugaboo-man lives in the dark closet ; to the savage the voices of the departed are in the singing of the river ; * a child knows that the March wind has a broom with which to clean up the streets for spring ; † a savage hears

* See Chapter IX.

† Child poetry of to-day expresses this.

foes contending in the thunder-storm.* Long ago men heard the morning-stars sing together.† So for all, at all times, the world is full of wonder.

The Australians have a pretty story to explain the stars. Once a young girl wanted to make a light that her people could find the way home at night, so she threw some glowing ashes into the air and the sparks became stars.‡ Such pretty stories are told about everything that comes into daily life. Now, we have seen that music belongs to all people, that all people use it very much, that all people love it.

Thus we may expect that poetry stories are told of it as of other things. All of us feel the power of music, but cannot explain it. Therefore, men have woven their thoughts into wonder-stories about the strange influence of beautiful tones. In

* See "India" in the Story of the Nations, chapter 6.

† "When the morning-stars sang together
And all the sons of God shouted for joy."

JOB xxxviii, 7.

‡ "The Beginnings of Art," Dr. E. Grosse, pages 253-4.

India some songs were believed to have such power as to cause the one who dared to sing them to be consumed by fire. To sing others would produce rain ; others would cause the sun to disappear.

In Greece they believed that Orpheus and Amphion were so skilled in music that trees would follow them and wild beasts be tamed.

Among the Finns there is a story about the harp and the divine Vainamoinen. He made a harp, the frame was of birch wood, the pegs were of oak, and the strings were the silken hairs of a young girl. His playing was so beautiful that all nature was charmed with it. Animals were entranced ; the birds came down from the trees ; the fishes rose to the surface of the water ; the tree-branches ceased to move ; the running brook paused ; even the wind stopped to listen. Once when he played, the men, women, and children began to weep. At last Vainamoinen himself wept and his tears rolled into the sea and became pearls.* These are strange fancies, are

* See " Musical Myths and Facts," Carl Engel, Volume I.

they not, like that about the Bugaboo-man in the corner ?

In Egypt there was a pretty story about the invention of the Lyre.

As you know, Egypt depends largely for its prosperity upon its great river, the Nile, which, rising far away in the Abyssinian mountains, flows through the length of the land and empties into the sea. The Nile annually overflows its banks, spreading rich soil-deposit. When the waters recede broad, fertile fields are ready for the planter, and corn and wheat abound there.

Once, after the water had subsided, it is said that Hermes, a god in the Egyptian religion, walking along the river bank, came upon a tortoise-shell which the waters had left. Now, it was dry from having lain in the sun, and across the shell was stretched a tendon of the animal, which when plucked, as a violin, gave forth a tone.

From this simple beginning the instrument came that afterwards had many strings and was made so beautifully. Now this story, like all others of wonder-kind, does not mean just what it says ; but by

placing before us *the picture of a god and a musical tone*, it means to impress us with the divine character of music; meaning also thereby to demand from us for the tone-art, honor and respect, if not love and devotion?

Now it is a good sign that we have wonder-stories about music from people of long ago. What does it mean? *It means that the people listened.* We cannot have wonder-stories out of nothing.* It shows us that the older nations of the Earth have loved music just as we love it. And if we have from many of them no other evidence of their devotion to it than a simple fairy-tale, we may yet believe that in the hearts of men and of nations long ago there dwelt great wonder, reverence, and thoughtfulness for music.

In music to-day we find a great deal to love and revere; that of itself should teach us that all men at all times have found the same.

* The significance of the myth is clearly pointed out by Ruskin in "The Queen of the Air," Lecture I, Par., 7.

The Elder Brothers of
Nations

In what we see about us to-day there is written all the story of the past. In things as they are we find reflected things as they have been.

CHAPTER XII.

Make a Joyful Noise!



ALL through the Bible music is spoken of in many ways. First comes the name of Jubal, "he was the father of all such as handled the harp and the organ." In the Psalms there are found everywhere such references to music as: "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, All ye lands." "O sing unto the Lord a new song." "I will sing a song of mercy and judgment." "O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph." To sing "a new song," and to make "a joyful noise," are frequently mentioned as fitting manners in which to serve the Lord.

We have spoken of our own songs and dances and of those of savage tribes, of our great choruses and of the concourses of people at the primitive dances and festivals. Bible history touches upon all these things, showing us that in Bible-times many forms and uses of music existed.*

“Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel (a tabret or tambourine) in her hand ; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances.” †

Some Bible passages explain to us certain uses of music. “Make two trumpets of silver (of one piece) ; that thou mayest use them for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camps.” ‡ Trumpets were of two kinds, the straight and the crooked. We have the same to-day. The silver trumpet of the Bible was to be blown only by religious men ; that is, men in religious service. Why the trumpet should be used “for the journeying of the camps” is explained in this sentence : “When ye blow an alarm, then

* See “The Music of the Bible,” E. Hutchinson.

† Exodus xv, 20.

‡ Numbers x, 2.

the camps that lie on the East parts shall go forward." * That was a war-sound and meant definitely a certain part, the *East* part, of the camp. The camps that lie on the South side take their journey "when ye blow an alarm the second time." † For the West camps three alarms were sounded, and four for the camps at the North.

The trumpet was not, however, always a war-instrument. As we use it in the orchestra and in the hunt as well as in war (let us pray never again to use it in war!), so in Bible history we find that an alarm with trumpets shall be sounded when "ye go to war in your land against the enemy," and "also in the days of your gladness, and in your solemn days, and in the beginnings of your months." ‡

Is it not a wonderful picture, full of dignity, resolve, and of earnestness? Does it not show how great music must have been in the minds and hearts of the people? Every great occasion was honored by it; days were ushered in with it; on days

* Numbers x, 5.

† Numbers x, 6.

‡ Numbers x, 9-10.

that were deemed holy and one should do no work it was the law that this "is a day of blowing the trumpets." * Thus the music was joined to holy thoughts and the instruments of music were called "holy instruments." †

The Bible dance is always full of life and meaning. Is there not joy in this picture? "And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances." ‡ Victories were celebrated by music and dancing. Miriam and the women with her, celebrated the victory over Pharaoh at the Red Sea with timbrels and dances. The women played upon the timbrels, dancing as they played. On David's return "the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music." §

* Numbers xxix, 1.

† "And Moses sent them to the war . . . with the holy instruments, and the trumpets to blow," &c.—NUMBERS xxxi, 6.

‡ Judges xi, 34.

§ I Samuel xviii, 6 and 7.

The trumpet is very frequently mentioned in the Bible, but there are many kinds of instruments besides. A child dance is very beautifully described, a more beautiful picture, perhaps, than "dancing in the flax." It is this: "They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ." *

Elsewhere David "spoke to the chief of the Levites to appoint their brethren to be the singers with instruments of music." And he names psalteries, harps, and cymbals. Again David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of firwood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals." † About worship, it is said "ye shall fall down and worship when ye hear the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music."

We are everywhere impressed with the sacredness of Bible music on the one hand,

* Job xxi, 11 and 12.

† II Samuel vi, 5.

and its great joyousness on the other ; and always with its strength and purity. Sometimes enormous concourses made music, as we have seen and heard at our jubilees. In the service of the temple at Jerusalem many musicians were employed. In the time of David four thousand were engaged in the service. There were in the temple three grand masters of song—like our directors or conductors. These three grand masters had twenty-four sons, who were at the head of twenty-four bands of musicians that served in the temple by turns. The whole business of their lives was to learn and to practice music ; and they were required to be skilled performers.* A skillful player was one “ who is cunning.” †

Look where we will, in the world of to-day or in the world of the past, we find music loved and used. It is the accompaniment of war and of peace ; of sorrow and of joy ; the treasure of young and of old ; of people without civilization and

* See Hutchinson's “ Music of the Bible,” page 95.

† I Samuel xvi, 16.

of the most highly educated. Nothing else seems so deeply to have entered life as this.

As far back as it is possible to know anything about man it is found that he had music. And, when one thinks of it rightly, is it not true that man had music only because he loved it? Certainly no one makes him love it; and side by side with his early doings in war, in hunting, in agriculture, in home-making there come up two things so wonderful that we shall never understand all the wonders of them; no, nor even dream them—and these two wonders are speech and song. The one shows that men needed to convey thoughts to each other about things and what they intended to do. And the other shows that besides thoughts about things and doings, there were yet other thoughts which could not be expressed in the words of early speech; these were the messages that were sung. They will always be sung, for they are messages of the heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Land of the Nile.



WE see that music is loved everywhere in the Busy World. In the great cities, in all our homes, in the schools, even in the streets there is music. It is quite the same in the remote places, on the islands, in the lands of the uncivilized, in the frozen north ; there is music everywhere.

Now, here is something to learn and to remember :—

As there is music in all places so there has been music in all times. And the more we study the past the more we shall see that, seem as different as it may, really it is very like the present.

If we could have gone through the streets of an Egyptian city four thousand years ago—can you even faintly imagine so long a time?—we should, first of all, have been impressed with the great throngs of people. Busy crowds were everywhere, hurrying to and fro, just as we see them to-day on Broadway in New York, or in the Paris Boulevards, or on the Galata bridge in Constantinople, where, it is said, a hundred thousand go back and forth in a day. We should see there busy artisans intent on their tasks, shops of all kinds with open fronts, curious passers-by, busy market-places, and the like. All kinds of people, rich and poor, young and old, would be there before us, some intent on labor, some on pleasure ; just as it is with us to-day.

The Egyptians were fond of music and employed it in labor and at their festivities. If we should enter a brilliantly lighted room full of guests we should see at one end a band of men and women playing many kinds of music instruments. During the preparation of dinner, music was always given ; and we should hear it

going on amid the clatter of dishes and the rising and falling of voices and of laughter. Certainly, it would seem to us a merry scene ; just such a scene in fact as we see in the European cafés of to-day, where people read, laugh, and talk, and have their meals while an orchestra plays the pleasing music of the day.

It would at once interest us to note what instruments constitute the Egyptian orchestra. Remember that our own orchestras have instruments for the bow (violin, viola, 'cello, and bass), wind instruments (flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon), brass instruments (trumpet, horn, trombone, tuba), and drums, cymbals, triangle, and harp. Not all of these are used in small orchestras, but from these the small orchestras take their selection. We should find the Egyptians playing upon many kinds : harp, lyre, guitar, tambourine, flute, single pipe, double pipe, and sistrum. The harp was used quite as we use the violin, many in one orchestra. The Egyptians used as many as twenty, adding five or six each of flutes, lyres, and double flutes, besides

others. Time was marked not by a director as with us, but by clapping the hands. Close to each player stood a singer, who did the time-marking.* This custom of time-marking by striking the hands together was practiced by others than the Egyptians. On an Assyrian monument there is represented a group of players and of singers. One, a man with a harp, leads. Behind him are two men, one a dulcimer player, the other a double-pipe player; and these are followed by two harpists. Next six women follow, four playing harps, one a pipe, and one a drum. Then come women and children as singers. These are clapping their hands to mark the measure, and some of the musicians are dancing.†

It is very interesting to study the history of ancient people from their sculptures and monument carvings. How proud of their learning they must have been and

* See "Life in Ancient Egypt," by Adolf Ermann, chapter II.

† See "The Ancient Monarchies," Rawlinson; and Carl Engel's "Musical Instruments," page 16.

determined that distant nations should know about it. They have cut their message deep into the hardest kinds of stone, granite and porphyry, so that by no chance, should there be lost what they had to write about themselves.

Some of the music scenes in the monument carvings represent bands of singers and of players. One depicts a music school like that on a Greek bowl of which you shall read in a coming chapter. There are festival scenes, scenes of mourning, courtiers presenting themselves to the sovereign pharaoh. One monument* shows a band of eight blind singers, the leader playing a harp. On the monuments there are pictured many of the music instruments of the Egyptians: lyre, flute, harp, tambourine, castanet, and double pipe.† Some of the instruments were beautifully adorned. In the tombs there have been found music instruments made of wood brought from India and Senegal; others

* At Tell-el-Amarna.

† See Adolf Ermann's "Life in Ancient Egypt," chapter II.

are painted, inlaid, or covered with colored leather.*

No doubt, besides the music made in the fine houses there were songs and entertainments which all the people could enjoy ; songs of popular nature, and entertainments varied like those of the Greeks. On a tomb† of a high priest there has been found the song sung by the peasants while the oxen were treading out the corn ; a song of thankfulness, no doubt, at the bounty of Father Nile. Egyptian children were taught, besides their letters, songs appointed by the law. It was the principle that when the children went to school "nothing but beautiful forms and fine music should come before them."‡ Thus we see that these little players in the land of the Nile learned music from their first years, just as children learn it in school to-day. And, no doubt, it brought

* See "Ancient Egypt Under the Pharaohs," John Kenrick, M. A.

† Champollion claims to have discovered the song on a tomb at Eilitha.

‡ See Plato, Second Book of Laws.

into their lives just what the royal choir-masters of an Egyptian court boasted they gave to their sovereign—the pharaoh. They were named 'Ètè and Rê-mery-Ptah, and it was their custom to declare that: “We daily rejoice the heart of the king with beautiful songs, and fill his every wish by our beautiful singing.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Where the Iliad was Sung.



AM sure we think of distant times in much the same way as we think of distant lands, strange and hard to understand. But the more we learn of either the more natural everything seems. If we could step into a Greek city of twenty-five centuries ago we should see a great deal exactly like what we see in our own times. Everyone is active. The men are engaged in national affairs, or in private undertakings; the women are busy about the house; the children are under the care either of nurse or mother; and the boys who are old enough, go to school accompanied by the Paidagogos. Either at play or at study we should find

very much the same things going on as we are busy with ourselves.

A Greek child had just as much desire for fun and frolic as any other child. Centuries may come and go, but they will never take away joyousness from children's hearts. When we play games we have many things which give us no end of amusement. Perhaps we think no one has ever before had just such playthings. Let us see, before we say that, what the little ones played with in the land of Homer.

For a few cents (a Greek Obol) a Greek boy could buy a two-wheeled wooden cart, which he pulled around to his heart's content, or he harnessed his dog to it and rode. Then there were hoops to roll, the child pushing the hoop onward by means of a short stick. With a bit of wood, paper, and patience, a boy could make a kite and fly it just as boys know how to do it today. Then there were buzzing-wheels fixed to a string, the ends of which were held by the thumbs and pulled to and fro. Girls had dolls, some of which were jointed and could be moved to different positions.

Besides these there were balls, and swings, and tilting-boards, and in-door games like checkers. Now, a child need not be lonesome with all that ; and if, by chance, one of you could be led by some powerful fairy back into the past, and if you were bidden to go into a Greek home and play with the children there, you would no doubt get along finely together.*

If children were naughty they were made obedient by threats of bogies, or told that the witches would come and carry them off. These bogies and witches are, you see, the distant ancestors of the Bugaboo-man who dwells in our closet. But our Bugaboo *is* a man, while all the bogies and witches that dwelt in Greek closets were women. The witches had names ; pretty ones, too, I think ; and a mother would say to a disobedient child :

"Empusa will carry you off."

Empusa was the witch's name. Others

*All the games referred to here are accurately quoted from Greek vase-painters. See for reproductions Prof. Herman Blümner's "Home Life of the Ancient Greeks."

were called Mormo, Acco, and Lamia. Sometimes another threat was used if the children were noisy in the house :

"Be still, or the horses will bite you !"

No doubt they were still and thus escaped being carried away, who knows where? to live with witches who had pretty names.

Music was very popular in Greek schools and homes. In the schools of Sparta the boys learned to play the kithera and flute, and to sing alone and in choruses. This bit of music must have been a great pleasure to them, for otherwise they had a hard time of it. When he was seven years old, a Spartan boy left his father's house to live among other boys under the care of the government. The strictest discipline was demanded. The boys were allowed as little food and clothing as they actually needed. From seven years of age to fifteen they slept on beds of hay and straw ; and after the fifteenth year on beds of reeds and rushes *which they had to gather themselves*. The boys were taught to speak little, to be prompt in replying to a

question, to be truthful and simple, and to respect their elders. Does not all this make our hearts go out to the brave Spartan lads who turned from the hardships of life to find joy and peace in music?

When the Greek boy became a youth his education continued. Fortunately we know much about what he did. Very likely the Greeks knew nothing of photography as we do, so they have not left us vivid scenes of daily life. But there were many men in Greece who loved to make pictures. They were the painters. Some of them have left us on vases and bowls the most exact scenes of daily life. One of these painters, named Duris, who lived in the fifth century before our era, twenty-four hundred years ago, *nearly a thousand years before Columbus came to America*—this man, Duris, has left us on a bowl a picture of a Greek school-room. There we see a teacher instructing a boy how to place his fingers properly on the strings of the lyre; another youth is learning to read, and stands before his teacher, who has the lesson before him on a roll. A third boy

is evidently learning to sing, for he stands in a singer's attitude before his teacher, who is giving him the pitch of the tone from a double pipe. Then on the wall of the school-room we see many of the things used by teacher and pupil : rolls of manuscript, writing-tablets, two drinking cups, a lyre, a basket, and a flute-case.

When the youth became a man he had his house, his business, his servants ; time for work, and time for amusement. At banquets and at dinners where a few guests were present, music and many kinds of entertainments were introduced for the pleasure of all, just as we have music, and spirited conversation, and games. Are not all the old customs shown in what we do to-day—the picture of things as they have been reflected in things as they are?

When Socrates gave a dinner to his friends he provided music, mimics, jugglers, buffoons, or whatever he thought would produce cheerfulness and mirth in his guests.*

* See J. G. Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of Ancient Egypt," volume 1, chapter 6.

A Greek writer * has left us a very vivid picture of one of these banquet entertainments. A little boy, two dancing girls, and a jester named Philip were present. One of the girls began by displaying her skill in throwing up cymbals and catching them to the music of a flute played by her companion. Then a hoop was brought, round which a number of swords were fixed, and the same girl jumped in and out of this hoop without any fear and without receiving any injury. All the guests were delighted, and Socrates, who was present, remarked concerning her courage and skill. Next, the girl stood upright, and bending back touched her head to her heels ; then she threw herself round three or four times rapidly, in imitation of a wheel, doing such things as reading and writing while she made the wheel-motion. Afterwards, while dancing, she threw twelve rings into the air, catching them all in turn.

Homer himself sang at banquets. His accompanying instrument was the lyre of four strings. Blind and poor, in a beggar's

* See "The Banquet," Xenophon.

gown, he was led to the middle of the hall by a boy, who took his lyre from a peg on the wall and placed it in his hands. Then, seated among the guests, he would run his fingers over the strings, turn his sightless eyes heavenward, and begin to sing.*

Are the Greek pictures very much unlike those of to-day?

*See J. F. Rowbotham's "History of Music," chapter 6.

CHAPTER XV.

The City of the Seven Hills.



WHEN a Roman boy was old enough to go to school he was sent to a *litterator*, who taught him the beginnings of Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Greek. On graduating from this teacher the boy was sent to the school of the grammarian, where he studied the works of the best Greek and Latin writers. Passages were read, carefully explained, and memorized; then the boy was questioned regarding them, to show how thoroughly he understood what he had read and heard.

From the school of the grammarian the boy went next to the school of the rhetorician, where he heard lectures on Philosophy and Rhetoric. In the Roman school-year

vacations were frequent ; every market-day and every feast-day were holidays, and in summer four long months went by without study.*

There is no doubt that these frequent holidays were fittingly celebrated with music and games. Though music and dancing found little favor in Rome at certain times, they were in other years taught both to boys and girls ; though not as thoroughly as in the Greek schools. The Greeks regarded music as a serious study and as a beautiful art, and they studied it in that spirit ; while in Roman times music was for pleasure alone. It was taught and learned to that end, and thus it never rose to so high a point as it did with the Greeks. It is very simply learned from the Greek and Roman idea of music, that *the spirit in which anything is done decides its value.*

When the young man's education was completed as far as Roman schools were concerned, it was the custom that he should

* "Society in Rome under the Cæsars," William Ralph Inge, M. A.

travel. The central point of interest for students at that time was Athens, from which city there had come to Rome nearly all that was great and lasting in learning and culture. In Athens, the Roman student listened to famous lectures on Philosophy and Rhetoric. Among the Roman students in Greece were Cicero, Horace, and Ovid. Some interesting pictures of student life in Greece may be found in the letters addressed to Cicero's father from Athens during his son's stay there.

In Cicero's day a Roman boy went to school at the age of seven. Besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, he learned to swim, to ride, and to throw the javelin; to be frugal, temperate in eating and drinking, modest in behavior, reverent to his elders, and obedient to those in authority.* Roman children had toys and games very similar to those of the Greeks, and thus very much like our own.

In place of letter-blocks such as we have, they had letters carved from ivory

*"Roman Life in the Days of Cicero," A. J. Church.

and from other material ; with these they played and learned to form words.* After that the children were taught to read from words in large letters. It is told of Cato the elder, that he copied many passages of history in large letters, and from them his sons learned how to read. In the Roman schools there was much rivalry for the first place in the class, and to be at the head was considered an honor and a glorious achievement. There is one other thing that played an important part in the education of a Roman boy. Its classic name is *virga*. We call it a birch rod. Call it as one will, it probably made a boy feel as badly in the time of the Cæsars as it does to-day.

The Romans heard music of many kinds. From Greece and from all the neighboring States people came to Rome to show their skill and win money and fame thereby. Singers, players, jugglers, dancers, entertainers of all kinds were there. The chorus singers came from Greece, harp and

* "Roman Life in the Days of Cicero," A. J. Church.

sistrum players from Egypt, the dancers from Syria. "All the world's minstrelsy was there." * So fond were the ancients of entertainment that dancing and games of strength took place in the camp of battle. †

Most of the Roman music, as we have already said, was for pleasure, hence we find it chiefly in the theatre. There were choruses, actors, and orchestras; sometimes more took part on and about the stage than there were spectators to behold what they did. Songs and the music of cymbals, castanets, rattles, and trumpets could be heard; a noisy entertainment, truly.

In Greek days theatres were large, open to the sky, and could seat large assemblages of people. Indeed, the Greeks were so eager to behold the theatrical spectacles that they would often be at the entrance the night before the performance in order to be sure to secure a place. But the Greek drama had a lofty purpose; in Rome, art of the stage did not advance, and we find

* "History of Music," J. F. Rowbotham.

† See the sixth book of the *Anabasis*, Xenophon.

here also great places of amusement, some of which could seat four hundred thousand people, devoted to bloody spectacles, to scenes of cruelty, and of torture.

There was another favorite amusement in Rome—the Pantomime. The stage was filled with people, the chorus was large, and the orchestra “was thronged with trumpets and every kind of pipe and music instrument.”

Though Rome had passed through days when “a Roman would have been ashamed to own himself a skilled musician,” * there came a time when both men and women studied the art eagerly. The Emperor Nero was a professional singer, or at least he was fond of so calling himself. He sang in many cities—Rome, Naples, and Athens, among them—and took the prize over all competitors, because the judges dared not give it to anyone else. Though he was, no doubt, mistaken as to his musical talent, he was earnest and worked hard. Often he would go without food for days together, in

* “Society in Rome under the Cæsars,” William Ralph Inge, M. A.

order to purify his tones, and he would sleep with heavy sheets of lead on his breast that his breathing might become regular and vigorous. It is also told of him that he would sit up nearly all the night before he had to sing, trying his song with his singing master. He was also a performer on several musical instruments. But all he did was not for the glory of music, but for the glory of Nero ; and he, like all others who work for their own vain ends, came to little.

After Nero's death, Rome was learning a new kind of song. At first it did not listen gladly. It was, indeed, cruel toward the singers of the new song ; but if one disappeared others took the place, and the song went on. Now all the world knows it ; the song of Christian worship. These singers were literally outcasts in Rome. At night they quietly made their way to secret places, underground chambers, catacombs, there holding their service and singing their songs ; while Rome was enjoying the theatre. But there came a day when the Roman song was forever still and

the Christian dared to come from the catacomb and worship openly in the sunlight; which is meant to be free to all of us, worship as we may.

There Were Those Who
Labored

"There is always work for those who will."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CHAPTER XVI.

Makers of Signs.



WHEN the early Christians came to Rome, driven from Jerusalem because of their faith, they brought with them from the Temple, hymns used in the service. These they used to sing in Rome at the sacred secret meetings which they held; because in Rome, too, they were persecuted for their faith and could not worship openly. These hymns were taught and transmitted from father to son orally, and it was not for a long time after the first coming of the Christians to Rome that their hymns were written in permanent form. Then, undoubtedly, they were not written in the correct manner in which they came from the Temple. It was a churchman,

St. Ambrose by name, who first collected the Christian songs ; later on, in the sixth century, another ecclesiastic, St. Gregory, added to the number, arranging them so that there should be different chants or tunes for every church-day in the year. These two men did an invaluable service to music by arranging short scales, four tones long, as the basis of musical composition. Similar scales had been known to the Greeks. Although the scales of Ambrose and Gregory were not the Greek scales, they yet applied to them the Greek names. Some day every music lover, even though a child, should learn them. The four commonest—and have they not exceedingly pretty names?—were called Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, and Mixo-Lydian. These names when applied to the Greek scales had a particular reference, indicating the locality where the scale was most popular ; the Dorian scale belonging to Doris, the Phrygian and Lydian to the provinces of Phrygia and Lydia.

The moment scales appeared, music began to be more definite. But other things

were yet wanting. First, as with all things, these scales had to be tried, experimented with, tested for years, for centuries in fact, in order that their worth might be known. And besides this there had to be discovered a simple and practical means for expressing tones on paper, so that when a composer had made a musical work he could put it down so definitely that a singer or player would know at once what was wanted.

About the year 600, a writer named St. Isidore, a friend of Gregory the Great, wrote a sentence which is worthy of our thought. From it we shall understand how it was that men sought out signs for the expression of music. This is the sentence of St. Isidore :—

“ Unless sounds are retained in the memory they perish, because they cannot be written.”

This proves that no music of the time could be written accurately.

To go on from year to year, singing songs, keeping them in the memory, having no picture of them, and teaching them

to others orally, must have been a very poor and unsatisfactory way. Passing the song onward from one to another in that manner could result only in changing the song very much, until it must have become quite unlike the original melody. As a bit of news told from one to another, changed only a trifle with each one who relates it, results at last in quite another story altogether, so these early songs transmitted from the lips of one to another must in time have become very much different from the first song. This could not go on. Men certainly would seek out a way to make things sure.

We must not understand from St. Isidore's sentence that there had never been a way to write music. There had been, and there was a way even in his day, but not a sure way. The Egyptians have left at Eilitha, we must remember, a harvest song. Even among rude people music is preserved, in a rude way, of course. The Indians cut marks in sticks and by them tell the sounds ; Peruvians make knots in a string. The Greeks had a way of indicating sounds by letters, so had the Romans. In the

time of Isidore and Gregory the letter system was employed, and because of its uncertainty it had to be abandoned. After Gregory's time another plan was used, namely, to place little marks above the line of text. These marks were not to be sung, but to tell the singer whether the melody which he knew from having heard it, went up or down ; also they served as breathing marks. Similar signs have been used by the Armenians, and indicate when to breathe, when to trill, and when the voice should rise or fall. At the same period Roman letters were in use and were supposed to indicate the tone of the scale to be sung.*

The value of any information whether told or written is exactness. When we write something for another to know, both writer and reader desire that everything be clear and true. In that way misunderstanding is avoided and the truth passes on from one to another. We can readily understand that people who loved to sing,

* See the article on Music in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

who taught their songs to others, who made new melodies even, should seek eagerly and persistently for a way in which music could be preserved exactly as it was thought. To attain this end is the reason why there were many experiments made with all sorts of marks for the indication of tones. Year by year the matter did become clearer, for men learned what notation should be.

What should it be? A means for telling the singer (let us say) in as clear a manner as possible, and exactly, whether the melody rises or falls or keeps to the same tone; whether the tones are long or short, loud or soft, accented or not; and doing this the signs should read from left to right like the signs of language, then the habit of reading the one would help in reading the other. If you will look at a page of music you will see that we have at last learned a way of writing music so that it tells just the things we have mentioned. It took a good many hundreds of years to accomplish that.

What were the signs to be found and applied? Principally three. The signs

for indicating tones and their values (notes); that on which to place the notes (staff); and signs which should make the staff definite in its place-names (clefs). Everything else, the bars, sharps, flats, and the like, came afterwards, gradually as they were needed; one improvement leading into another. All these things came step by step; that is how all improvements come. With the staff, for example, first one line was used, then two, then spaces alone were used, then more lines, until at last the five-line staff proved to be the simplest of all.

We have learned that improvements in music-writing were made bit by bit. Six hundred years after Gregory a man named Franco, of Cologne, set to work to put down in right order everything known about music-signs and music-writing. It is said that Franco made signs for notes and rests, and arranged them in such order that we retain to this day his principles, and signs similar to those written by him.

Franco was able to do much because others had preceded him who were not only hard workers but who were eager to bring

a little truth to the light through their endeavors. About the year 1000, there lived a man, very earnest indeed, whose devotion to music was a great help to those who came after. His name was Guido. One of his aims was to have singing rightly performed. Against aimless singing he was especially bitter. "By what right," he asks, "can one call himself a musician or singer who knows not how, easily and correctly, to sing a new song?" Of church singing he said: "It often sounds not as if we were praising God, but quarreling and scolding among ourselves." He was an enthusiastic teacher and a particular one. He trained his singers so well that all who heard them admired their singing and were amazed at its beauty. Guido, like Franco who followed him, did a great deal to perfect the music of his time. He taught the use of the syllables: Ut,* re, mi, fa, sol, la, and improved the staff.

When staff-lines came into use it was necessary to name one or more of them.

* We say Do for Ut.

Guido said in one of his books : * In order that sounds may be discerned with certainty, we mark lines with various colors, so that the eye may distinguish a note at once. For C a bright saffron line is used, and for F a bright red line. Neighboring notes can be easily told from these. "If," he says, "there were neither letters nor colored lines to the neumen (notes) it would be like having a well without a rope—the water plentiful but of no use to those who see it."

Now all this was not far from a thousand years ago. The clefs and the staff have been tested in multiple ways, the notes were written as Franco made them, and afterwards in many other ways, always improving by becoming more simple, until, at last, they are as we find them.

You can easily see how much else had to follow. Many hard problems grew out of the discoveries of these four men—Ambrose, Gregory, Guido, and Franco. Musical measure had not yet come ; nor the

* "The Micrologus."

keys as we know them ; nor (as I said before) the art of printing, which makes it possible to have many copies of one book ; nor machinery for paper-making, so that, the book, when printed, can be had for little money. (I often wonder if we are sufficiently thankful for the wonderful and priceless advantage we have in cheap books.) Besides all these things, which have been found out in the last thousand years, there was yet to come nearly every instrument; indeed, every one in its present perfected form. That is indeed a great deal for even a thousand years.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Wonderful Ladder.



WHEN we go into a great library and see thousands upon thousands of books, poems, romances, art, science, and the other kinds many and various, it may seem a wonder that the countless words printed in these countless books are made up of the few letters of the alphabet. The twenty-six little signs, of simple straight lines and curves, make the mirror in which, for message-writers of all lands and of all centuries, there is reflected the meaning they have to express. Certainly that is wonderful.

Let us next turn from the books of the world to its music. No one knows how many music compositions there are in

existence. No doubt there are millions. Now, is there some simple thing in music which makes the mirror, just as the alphabet does in literature? Is there something simple, yet mighty in its power, which can serve every message-bearer well, no matter if he speak to many hearts or few?

There is just such a mirror, and we call it the Scale; because Scale means something proceeding step-wise like a ladder. It is a string of tones, like a string of pearls; turn them in the light and they reflect wonders back upon us. While the power of the Alphabet is great, that of the Scale is more of a mystery. In the tones of the scale great meanings have been said, great thoughts have gone from great hearts. Great joy and sorrow, and love and resolution are found in them. And yet, though men have written no one knows how many music works, the simple scale has faithfully told the meaning of all of them, and no two sound the same. For everyone, think as he will, the scale can express his meaning. Surely it will

interest us to know how man came by so wonderful an invention.

As we looked down from above, peering into the Corners of the Earth, we saw men making all kinds of music. There were rude songs and refined songs, there were the tunes of dancing savages and the music of the great writers ; all kinds were below us, and all of it dear to the hearts that made it with good intent. Is all the music of the world to-day written in just the same tones ? Has all the music of the past, primitive and great, been thought out in just the same sounds ? Have all peoples had in their hearts do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do ? No ; they have not. Always there has been some form to think, but it has not been the same form. The Scale we learn to-day in school, the Scale which makes all our music, and has made nearly all we have, has, like the Pine-tree, come to its present form by the growth of a tiny seed.

When was it planted ? No one knows. Mysteriously out of the hearts of the singers of the earth it has come, and

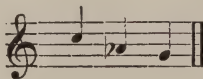
perhaps as mysteriously in the hearts of singers yet to be it will take a new form ; but the newness comes into it so gradually, so wonderfully gentle, that no one hears its steps. Yet it comes, we may be sure.

Then, as the Scale has grown to its present form, must not two things be true? First, that once there was no Scale; and, second, that among rude peoples there must be some to-day who have no Scale. No one knows why men began, in the days of the early world, to sing. They may have tried to imitate pretty sounds in nature, or, and it is more likely, they had to sing because some mysterious power put it in their hearts to do so. Whichever way it was, however, it made them tone-observers, tone-listeners, tone-makers, then tone-thinkers. Then they were song-makers—rude song-makers, no doubt—but still song-makers. So they went on about their business of life, learning all the while to sing better, to make better songs, to think more tones. Now, in the songs they made there was forming

all the while a wonderful thing. Let us learn this correctly : *Out of the music which men made, the scale came just as the flower comes out of the plant.* So it was music first and scale afterwards; remember that. And remember that men kept on singing, generation after generation, making better songs all the while, at the same time making a better scale. Then finally, after centuries, when just the tones were found which seem satisfactory, the scale form became definitely fixed; and the musicians began to do wonders with it.

There being many generations in the past, and there being to-day many different peoples on the earth, we might naturally expect to find many kinds of scales. We shall find, by examining the music of the world to-day, that different nations use different tones. The best Scale form, no doubt, is the one you are familiar with; but many others are used, and we find, by examining such ancient instruments as there are left to us, that the older nations of the earth had Scales very different from ours of to-day. Some nations divide the

octave into many parts, finding very small intervals more agreeable than larger ones. What is the whole tone in our scale, divided, as we say, into two half-tones, is with them divided into quarter-tones. Then there is another difference; some scales have as few as three tones, others again as many as twenty-two. One scale of five tones sounds not unlike the five black keys of the piano beginning on g flat, and playing g flat, a flat, b flat, d flat, e flat, and g flat. There is another scale difference. Some proceed upward, others proceed downward. A very short scale is given by one writer.* You can hear it on your piano by playing c-a-b-g, not upward, but downward, like this :—



This is the earliest scale of the Greeks. Later they had scales of eight tones. The scale known to the Greeks as the Dorian can be played on the piano by sounding an

* "Evolution of the Art of Music," ch. 2. C. H. H. Parry.

octave of white keys from d *down* to d.* Chinese and other scales have five tones. The Chinese regard the scale tones with curious veneration. The first tone of the scale they call the Emperor; the second, the Prime Minister; the third, the Subject; the fourth, Public Business; and the fifth, Mirror of the Universe. There are very odd scale-forms in some countries. The Javanese people have one, known as the Gamelon Pelog. Just try to think how it would sound, or, better, ask a violin-player, if you know one, to sound these tones for you: First, c; second, a tone a trifle above e; the third, a trifle under f, yet not as low as the second one; the fourth, just under g; the fifth just under b; and lastly, c, an octave above the starting-point.

How did it come about that scales vary so? That cannot be fully answered; but, no doubt, it is true that scales were much influenced by the instruments which people made, until, of course, a highly-developed

* "Abriss der Musik Geschichte," ch. 1, Bernard Kothe.

scale was found ; then instruments were made to follow it. Many attempts have been made to purify our own scale so that the difference can be expressed between c sharp and d flat, for example.

I have told you of Ambrose and of Gregory collecting the Christian songs. They arranged also short scale successions which should serve for the use of writers. These scales were called by the Greek names, and were fourteen in number. As time went on and they were fully tested by the laws of harmony, which men were beginning to discover, new tones were added to some scales, and other scales were not used at all. Finally it happened that out of all the scales, and all the changes with them, two were found superior to the others. These, tested and improved, are the Major and Minor Scale you know. But do not think that all this trial and selection took but a moment. It has taken a thousand years for the scales of Ambrose to become what they are. Everyone since who has worked on the problem—Gregory, Guido, and Bach—have helped along the

four-tone scales of Ambrose to become the familiar major and minor forms we use to-day.

Will it change again? No one knows. But we may say that the Pine-tree keeps on growing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the Emperor's Class.



WHILE ago, when we listened to the Choral-song of the Cathedral, the thought must have been present with some of us, that the early Christian Song has gained wondrous strength since first it came to Rome, many hundred years ago. It surely came humbly enough, but with determination; and was content to be heard in the underground world, while the Pagan populace danced and reveled in the sunshine that was meant to be free for all.

If in those years we could have looked down upon Europe, neither the Eternal City nor any other would have shown us spires and turrets lifting themselves heavenward in evidence that beneath, worship

ascended to the Lord. Now, as we look upon that same land, upon our own land, and many another, we see countless of these uplifting piles; and from within them all, the bell and the organ and the human voice sound the message. It is a wonder, indeed, that we can hear aught else for the power of it.

The early Christians and their ministering superiors took deep interest in music. We have already learned how Ambrose, Gregory, and Guido did all they could to purify church-song; and how Franco helped people remember the songs by the exact signs which he invented.

These men were inspired to exert themselves and to learn more about music for a very practical and lofty purpose. It was this: Whatever is offered in worship should be the best and purest possible of its kind. With the best and purest songs, for example, they thought it added to the fitting worship of the Lord. But what many things there were to be learned, and how many things, familiar to us, were not even known of: Scale, staff, clef, note, and

many others like them had yet to be found, tested, and approved. *But all the while the people kept on singing.* If they had not a great knowledge of music in their minds they yet had a great fund of songfulness in their hearts, and this they let come forth as best it could. As the scale came out of a great deal of music-making, so, in like manner, music knowledge came out of a great deal of earnest singing. The discovering, the advancing people of the world are *doers*, not dreamers. And these worshipers of the early centuries were active, bright, thoughtful, songful. That is what brought their songs out.

When music knowledge was somewhat systematized, the Church began to send teachers from place to place. Why did the Church do this? Because no one else could. There were few schools, people had little education, and the churches and monasteries possessed nearly all the men who were studious. Hence these men were strong in music, and became teachers of it. To interest the people many devices were resorted to in order to

make knowledge attractive. One of them, instituted, or at least fostered, by St. Philip de Neri, was to show to the people Bible scenes actually pictured by living people. These scenes, little plays we might call them, took place in a prayer-room ; and a prayer-room is called an oratory.

In the simple attempt of St. Philip it became apparent that music could be joined to the pictures with good effect. Then there came into existence a form that is among the greatest we have, a form composed of a Bible subject and music, and to-day we call such a work by the name of the room in which the simple people of the year 1600 and thereabouts sat in wonder and delight before the Bible-pictures of St. Philip, the Oratory-scene, or the Oratorio.

But great uses of music were not fully understood in those days. When St. Augustine landed in Britain he came bearing a silver cross and a banner, while a long train of choristers walked behind him chanting a sacred song.* So strange was

* "A History of Music, chapter 4," J. F. Rowbotham.

this scene to the people and even to the king himself, Ethelbert, that they feared from it witchcraft and all sorts of strange powers, and, to be sure that no harm should be done by them in London, they sent Augustine and all his followers to Canterbury. Now if you ever go to Canterbury they will tell you interesting stories about churches which have stood there from the days of Augustine; and you will see a Cathedral of which the English people are justly proud.

There was another great lover of knowledge in Europe in the early centuries, Charlemagne, king of France. He gave all his favor to the song-service of St. Gregory, and so greatly was he opposed to any other that he went to Milan where the service of Ambrose was used. Here he seized all the books of the Ambrosian service and burned them in the streets of the city. And he commanded that throughout his domain every one of the Ambrosian books be surrendered or taken possession of by force and in their stead the book of Gregorian service be used. From Rome

to France he caused teachers to be sent who could teach masterfully the Gregorian service ; and throughout his Empire he had schools built where the people could learn this divine song.

He was as strict as possible in his instructions to the teachers. The singers must be attentive, one must not count ahead to find just the line he was to sing and be meanwhile inattentive ; to stop that, the Emperor himself would when present at a lesson, as he often was, point to the one who should go on ; he thus made the singers keep close watch upon their work. Besides directing many classes formed for the practice of singing, he had a choir of his own, which, it is said, none but the best singers dared to enter for fear of the Emperor's keen criticism.

Among his rules for teachers there were three very particular ones :—

I. Do not let the boys (singers) write the Gregorian music one note different from its true form.

II. Let no one copy a Gregorian song who is, by any chance, likely to do it carelessly.

III. If a poor boy applies for instruction in singing, and is not able to pay, do not turn him away, but give him lessons free.

There is much meaning in these rules of the Emperor. In his time education was not common. Books were written by hand on papyrus and many faults crept into them through unskilled copyists. With attentiveness to every detail in the life and affairs of his lands, Charlemagne saw all these things and set out to better them. While he was in Rome he secured teachers of singing, grammar, and arithmetic, and sent them to different places throughout the kingdom, that others might learn from them correctly. One of his letters, copies of which he sent to the various churches, said: "We impose upon ourselves the task of reviving *with the utmost zeal*, the study of letters, well-nigh extinguished through the neglect of our ancestors." * Further it says: "We charge all our subjects, as far as they may be able, to cultivate

* Quoted in "The Schools of Charles the Great and the Restoration of Education in the Ninth Century," page 101, by I. B. Mullinger, M. A.

the liberal arts, *and we set them the example.*" * "Let every monastery and every abbey have its school, where boys may be taught the Psalms, the system of musical notation, singing, arithmetic, and grammar, and let the books which are given them be free from faults, and let care be taken that the boys do not spoil them, either when reading or writing." † During lessons the boys would be seated on the floor, which was covered with clean straw, and with their waxen tablets in hand they busied themselves noting the words read to them from a manuscript volume by the teacher. When the writing thus made had been corrected, it was copied into a little parchment volume, the only book of learning acquired by many during life." ‡

Does it not show earnestness, all this? One feels how keenly these students sought to obtain only the highest form of knowledge. To what purpose? Here is the reason told to the boys of the time ; about

* Ibid.

† This was written in the year 789.

‡ See Mullinger's work, page 131.

the year 800. What better words could be addressed to boys of any time? "Strive to follow the example of the good, and on no account incur the displeasure of him whom I have exhorted you to take for your model. Seek to profit by his teaching with the utmost degree of application. Thus instructed, and reducing what you have learned to practice, you will be wanting in nothing that relates to the knowledge of life. Be zealous in study, and fail not to grasp at whatever of noble learning you may be able to gain from this great orator." *

With teachers of lofty aims Charlemagne sought to educate the pupils of his many schools. He is said to have been of noble presence, stately in bearing, very tall—he was seven feet in height—ready to forgive, of untiring zeal, fond of hunting, riding, swimming, and knowing neither weariness nor fear. He died at the age of seventy,

* From a letter of Einhard to his son Vussin, a pupil of Rabanus Maurus. Rabanus was a native of Mayence. He was born in the year 776, and became one of the most noted monastery teachers of the time.

on the twenty-eighth of January, in the year 814. He was buried in a sitting posture in his royal robes, his crown upon his head, and in his lap his horn. his sword, and a book of the Gospels.

There Were Those Who
Journeyed

Lead me, O Zeus, and thou O Destiny,
The way that I am bid by you to go ;
To follow, I am ready.

In the Encheiridion of Epictetus.

CHAPTER XIX.

Journeyings.



SOMETIMES, when we think of distant countries, we imagine the sights and doings there to be very strange and unlike those of our own land. But when the day comes for us to make a visit to the foreign lands of our earlier dreams, we find a vast number of things like those of home, and we learn the truth that all people, live where they may, have much in life like unto that of their neighbors. We soon come to regard various peoples as children of one Father, having wants alike, needs alike, surroundings more or less alike, and pleasures which seek to be fulfilled much in the same way in the case of all.

Nothing can quite equal the strange sensation which comes to one who, for the first time, gazes upon the shores of a foreign country. If you should go from here to Europe and should land, let us say in Holland, your first pleasure would be the sight of the green fields after days and days of the sea, sometimes still as the sky at night, sometimes turbulent unto fury. Going up the Dutch rivers you would be delighted with many things ; the windmills, almost countless about you ; the flat houseboats, the quaintly dressed people (but warmly clad, you would surely say) ; the neat, homelike houses, the endless canals, all these would be so unlike your fatherland that you would scarcely know what to think.

Then you would land in a Dutch city, perhaps it would be Rotterdam ; and you would be delighted with other strange things—the endless canals and the countless bridges ; the funny custom of keeping time—one time for the town, another for the railway, then there would be the quaint signs, the milk wagons drawn by dogs and managed by women. What a

strange place it all is, you would think ; not a bit like home, nor like the imagination you have had of it.

But day after day, as you became more accustomed to the new scenes, you would learn gradually to think them quite natural ; and at length, when the day came to say "good-bye" to it all, and face, once again, the days and nights on the restless ocean, you would leave with a regret and with a feeling in your heart that things are not so strange after all. Indeed, everything has come to seem quite right and natural ; and even if, here and there, something is unlike what one is used to, yet countless others are as we have them at home. So in the end you might conclude that the first strangeness lay not in the land and its ways, but in the thoughts one has.

Likewise is it when we read books. Stories about boys and girls of to-day who live as we ourselves live, whose homes and surroundings are as our own, seem so natural and so right that we scarcely realize the details of the picture. But if the story is about another land we are surprised at

the new scenes, and we may not immediately feel at ease amid them. But that power soon comes and we are fine friends with Hans Brinker, with Lord Fauntleroy, with the Prince and his little chum, the Pauper ; quite as good friends, indeed, as if they lived in the same street with us. And likewise, too, is it when we read about other times than our own ; about people and customs of centuries ago. At first there is a strangeness which reveals all—like the first peep at a Dutch landscape. Very often in reading history, for instance, the feeling of strangeness is never overcome, because we have to meet it with the imagination ; and it may happen that we fail to feel quite at home in the stories of olden times. But former times, like foreign lands, though at first unlike what we are daily in contact with, soon begin to reveal much that reminds us of home. Many things, indeed, are revealed, which as we know them more we love better.

Now the story of music, if we wish to know it well, requires us to travel with our thoughts, not only in foreign lands,

but in distant days, where everything is as strange as possible ; but as full of charm as the windmills of Holland. We shall need a little patience in the beginning, that we may learn to look backward on scenes unlike those about us.

We have already learned a little about Egypt, Greece, and Bible lands. Then we came to the names of four men which it would be well to remember, Ambrose, Guido, Gregory, and Franco. All these men, loving music, helped to make it more exact. Ambrose and Gregory labored to make music of increased usefulness and beauty in the Church. Guido did so much for the art of tone that he has been called the inventor of music. Franco was a maker and improver of signs ; fashioning them both for notes and rests. But one must remember about all those men that what they did was probably not distinctly new things, rather the completion and improvement of what others had done not quite as well.

Franco, called Franco of Cologne, lived about the year 1200. In the same

century, that is, in the thirteenth, there lived a man who wrote songs, both words and melody. This man's name was Adam de la Hale, sometimes called Adam, the humpback of Arros. One of his compositions was a little play, an operetta we should call it, entitled, "Robin and Marion." It was this man's business to travel (not in fine trains and steamers, of course) from place to place singing his songs. "Robin and Marion" was one of his works which soon became popular with the people.

At that time very many people made it their business to travel from place to place making music, doing feats of skill, in short, trying in any way to give entertainment to others. They certainly were welcomed by the people, just as to-day the children are glad to have the organ-man come up the street, or to have the Punch and Judy show give its little play in the town-square. People traveled little in those days, and these wandering entertainers not only furnished pleasure, but no doubt told the news from

place to place. The organ-man, the piper, the peddler with his pack or his cart, are quite similar people in our own day. Some of the traveling entertainers were skilled in numerous ways. It was the boast of Robert Le Mains that : "I can play the flute, violin, pipe, bagpipe, syrinx, harp, gigue, gittern, symphony, psaltery, organistrum, regals, tabor, and rote. I can sing a song well and make tales and fables. I can make verses, throw knives into the air and catch them without cutting my fingers. I can balance chairs and make tables dance; and I can turn a somersault and walk on my head." Certainly Robert Le Mains had skill. And in the winter, when the ways were impassable, could Robert and his fellows play at their games and tricks? Here is what one of them tells us : "When hail and frost cover the earth, and cause man and beast to shelter themselves from the cold, I am sitting in the house, singing of love, of joy, and of arms. The warm fire burns bright, and the floors are well covered with mats."

These wandering singers were known as

Troubadours, though other names were given them in different places. The word Troubadour means to invent or compose ; literally, to find. This, you see, exactly describes what the minstrel did, to invent and compose songs. Some of them both made the song and sang it ; others, of more exalted rank perhaps, only composed the song, it being the duty of attendants to sing it. Troubadours, even from princely families, were among those to travel from court to court, showing their skill, winning friends, name, and fame.

Can you imagine musicians wandering about in this manner? By and by, we shall again follow the plan of the Roman Emperor and look down from above on the things of the earth as they are now. And we shall see that as foreign cities are much like those of our own land, so present customs are very much the same as those of the past.

Before the time of the Troubadours Europe had seen a great deal of wandering. In the year 1096, exactly eight hundred and one years ago, Godfrey de Bouillon set

out, accompanied by his two brothers, Baldwin and Eustace, with a division of that great army known as the First Crusade.

Crusaders, that is, defenders of the cross, or religious defenders, walked from all parts of Europe to the Holy Land. Take your geography and see how far it is from Paris, and Rotterdam, and Berlin to Palestine ; quite a long walk, indeed. In the year 1099, on the fifteenth day of July, the army of the First Crusade captured Jerusalem, after having besieged it for thirty days. There were many Crusades in after years. Between the fourth and fifth Crusades there was one composed entirely of children. It was in the year 1212 that thousands of boys walked from all parts of Europe to the ports of the Mediterranean, seeking passage thence to the Holy Land. It is sad to relate that few of them ever returned ; many dying on the way ; others being sold into slavery.

When many people travel from place to place, just as many of us go to Europe and other parts of the world, there come results which are good. The traveler sees new

manners and customs, meets different people, hears strange words and new thoughts, learns much that is better than his own, or perhaps spreads wherever he goes the knowledge he has gained. This is to the good of men and of nations. Hence in travel there is the benefit of education. The Crusaders and the minstrels of Europe did a great deal to spread knowledge in this way ; and, whatever else they accomplished, we owe them much for this.

CHAPTER XX.

Wandering Singers.



HUS, we see, wandering was not a new thing in Europe. During the time of the minstrels, which was, perhaps, three centuries, the courts and nobles encouraged singing. Competitions were instituted in which minstrels tried to outsing each other, just as, in earlier days, competitions had taken place at the Greek games and Roman festivals. Thus the songs of one people were made known from court to court ; and the minstrels tried to improve and to outsing each other.

Perhaps the truth was gradually learned, that if a studious man travel from place to place it sharpens his wits, and thus the

custom was instituted of the tradesman's apprentice leaving his native town and working for a period at several places, gaining skill and knowledge under many masters. This custom prevailed especially in Germany; and the result was good. The youth saw much, tried his hand at his business amid new scenes, learned different ways of doing, and acquired what we should call a broad education. The Italian boy, Benvenuto Cellini, did this; working now in Florence, again in Siena, in Bologna, Rome, and Pisa. Our countryman and poet, Bayard Taylor, wandered for two years in Europe, an apprentice to art and literature. And the custom of our students of to-day going abroad to study is really the modern way of doing quite the same thing as the trade apprentice used to do in Germany four and more centuries ago.

There were other bands of poet-singers in Europe besides troubadours. They were called the *trouvères*, *jongleurs*, bards, *minnesingers*, and *mastersingers*. The *mastersingers*, who were very skilled, as we shall

see, flourished into the sixteenth century. One of the most famous of them, Hans Sachs, of Nuremberg, died in 1576. The early life of Hans was undoubtedly very much like that of the ordinary trade apprentice of the time, though few rose to be so eminent as he. He was born two years after Columbus discovered America, hence in 1494. His father was a tailor, one undoubtedly like many another faithful citizen. He seems, however, to have been desirous that his son get an education, and among other things he learned some Greek and Latin. Hans afterwards said of his school days: "I was indifferently taught, according to the bad system which was followed in those days." So we may infer that schools had improved during his lifetime.

At the age of fifteen he began to learn his regular business, that of shoemaking. He was thus to be able to earn his living as a cobbler, no matter what other skill he might possess. At this time he became acquainted with a man named Nunneneck, a mastersinger, who taught him the

rudiments of mastersong. Then began his years of wandering. He walked all over Germany and returned to Nuremberg at twenty-two years of age. From that time on he wrote. Before his life ended he put forth over six thousand poems. Of them Bayard Taylor has said, "If we approve only five per cent. of his productions, we shall still have three hundred good works." Late in life, Hans Sachs made an inventory of his writings and found that they filled thirty folio volumes, "all written with his own hand." Of these four thousand, two hundred were mastersongs, two hundred and eight were plays, and over one thousand, seven hundred were fables, poems, and the like. He must have been an eager student. "He was thoroughly familiar with Old German literature, and also, through translation, with the Greek and Roman classics, and the Italian literature of the Middle Ages, but, above all, with the newly translated Scriptures." * In another work †

* Nicholson's "History of German Literature."

† Gustav Solling's "Diutiska."

we find this interesting paragraph about the last days of the famous mastersinger :
“Then he would be seen seated at his table, a large open book before him, nodding, bowing, and smiling with a peculiar expression of kindness beaming from his large blue eyes, which closed forever on the 25th of January, 1576.”

In one of his poems he says about his art :—

“ And song—there’s nothing surer !—
Should day by day be purer,
And nobler and securer,
Made by the poet’s wit.”

And again he says :—

“ But when the poet dieth
His art ——
—— liveth still and flieth
To many a distant land.”*

The great art of mastersong, which was so strong in the Nuremberg singer, had developed slowly through a long line of poet-musicians. One of the very earliest of these was Heinrich von Morungen ; another, and a very famous one, was Walther

* Bayard Taylor’s Translation.

von der Vogelweide. He lived a busy life in many places. When he died he bequeathed some money to be spent to buy corn for the birds which came to feed out of the four hollow places cut into the top of his tomb.

Thus we see that, from the days of earliest wandering, there developed poets who were proud of their art, who lived to protect its interests. The mastersingers were united into guilds, and they were honor-bound to protect each other and the interests of their calling. These guilds existed in every German city. The members were called, according to their skill, pupils, schoolmen, singers, and poets. When the guild assembled, the merker (judges), seated on a raised platform, listened sharply to the singer, marking faults according to a code called the "tabulatur." Whoever could stand the test so as to fulfill all the requirements was perfect in his art and received a silver chain, bearing a medal on which was represented the head of King David.

You will now see that as men like Ambrose, Gregory, and their followers were

thinking of the music of the Church, so there were other poets and singers who made it their business to write for the every-day life of the people. And there came peasants' songs, hunting and comic songs, songs for children, and songs of love, war, and home. Thus, side by side, like the wild flower and the flower of the garden, there blossomed the music of Christian worship and the music of daily life.

Do you now think all these matters much unlike what we know and see in these days? As it was suggested awhile ago, let us go above the earth and see if similar things are not happening this very day. We see that among all the people busy at music-making, many come together to unite in helping one another ; like the choruses, the orchestras, the singers in school and in church. In school the children sing together, giving praise on the one hand and becoming learners of the art on the other. In church the music is for praise and thanksgiving, and the choruses and orchestras give great works for the pleasure and instruction of the people.

Now if we look very closely at all these people we shall see that school and church singers usually live near-by, or at least have not far to go ; while those of the theatre and concert often have to travel for months and months, over thousands of miles, making their songs known in different places, just as the bards and troubadours did many years ago. These people travel, even if they stay in a city but a single night, going from place to place, performing the same music, reciting the same text everywhere. Many hundreds, perhaps thousands, do this in these days. Some, who are famous, go, not merely from city to city, but from land to land—singing their song, playing their part wherever the people will listen.

Now there used to be king's fools and mountebanks, so to-day we have the Punch and Judy show, the funny man with his jokes, the acrobat, the juggler, the organman with the monkey; all these are like unto their early brethren of whom we have been speaking.

Thus we see some of the commonest

things of our life to be only a new way of doing the deeds of olden times. And as we study the ways and means of different people—as of the Dutch when we were in Rotterdam, or of different times, as of the wandering minstrels of Europe in former times, we shall discover many and many a thing very like what we are accustomed to in these days. Having learned these things well, let us go down to the earth again, remembering how much good has come to the world from the wandering multitudes of Europe ; some to sing, some to play, some to learn cobbling, but all learning to do something well.

Building

Build thy great acts higher and higher.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Strength of the Earth.



ALL makers of things have a pattern, a plan by which they are guided. Designers, house-builders, carpet-weavers, makers of tapestry, layers of brick and stone ; these and others are plan-followers. Now there must be a reason for this. If we go carefully step by step through this chapter we shall learn that, strange as it may seem, there is a connection between Building and the Music we have in our lessons.

Now and then, we have followed the hint of the Roman Emperor, and studied the ways of the world from above, looking down quietly upon its activities, learning from the hurry and confusion below us

that things, though they may seem confused, are after all proceeding by law. This time, however, we are not going to begin by getting above the earth, but by getting down close to it ; just as close as we can, indeed. Our first step in trying to find a connection between Building and Music is to be learned from Mother Earth.

Let us take up a handful of sand. It seems a very common thing, does it not? There seems to be nothing wonderful about it ; but that comes from looking at it *as if it were only a common thing*. Indeed, we have no right to have disrespect, even for a handful of the earth. One needs only to let the eyes rest upon it carefully, I mean by that observantly, and then one sees that there is something about it which is worthy of study. Here are a multitude of grains glistening like minute diamonds, gleaming like gold and silver ; full of power to make roads, to feed plants, or to be a home for the insects of the earth. All this is in a handful of grains, so many that one could not count accurately a thimbleful

of them ; some coarse like bits of broken rock ; others fine as powder.

If the grains of sand be put under a microscope we shall be surprised to find some of the bits, minute though they be, to have a wonderful character. If we look at them closely with a magnifying-glass we shall see that "these grains are sharp-angled, with flattened sides, and that they are generally like bits of glass, letting the light through them, though not exactly transparent." * These tiny grains with their glistening sides and star-tipped corners, bits of crystals, indeed (how crystals creep into the hidden places of the earth and invite us to find them because they are beautiful!), these, are exquisite the moment they stand revealed to us. And their beauty is in what? In Light and Form. Let us remember that.

In the soil of the earth, nestling securely, are the pebbles, and the boulders, and the ledges. When we look at these without much heeding them, they are merely stones and rocks, the commonest

* N. S. Shaler, S. D., "A First Book in Geology."

sort of thing, indeed. But when examined with care, they show a wonderful construction. Rocks tell almost of themselves whether they are of one mass, perhaps the outflow of a volcano, or if they are welded out of thousands and thousands of tiny pieces by some mysterious process of nature. This is exactly what a piece of granite is, a cluster of grains, crystal-like, pink, white, gray, and red. If you are fond of looking at fine buildings you may have noticed the attractiveness of the polished granite when it has been rightly shaped and set in place. In many forms of rock there are found not only the crystal-like grains which we see in granite, but others of definite form, like quartz, feldspar, calcite, pyrite, and the like. The most attractive element about these crystals is not their color alone, but their shape. It charms and fascinates us. Now a curious thing about Form is this: When all the parts are joined carefully as in granite, the whole seems difficult to understand, but when a crystal stands forth clearly defined, as the six-sided quartz, then it is perfectly

simple to remember. This is the first purpose of Form : To simplify things so that they may be more easily understood and remembered. That, too, we must keep in mind.

Now a little more before we leave the soil and the rocks. When men work with the soil, or turn stones to account, what do they take care to do? To plant in rows and to build in attractive lines ; making garden beds shapely ; walls and hedges straight or of beautiful curves. And why do they do this? For many reasons. One is, that it is a saving of space to do these things by true lines. Walls so built are stronger, gardens so laid out are the more easily attended to ; that is, they are more easily understood ; while all of us recognize that besides these reasons there is another which it is worth our while to remember : By doing things in good order, that is, by the best line, greater beauty is gained. As we shall learn later on, doing things so that they shall look the best possible is a principle of all art. This means that men in making walls, or gardens, or buildings,

try to bestow upon them that which nature has bestowed upon the crystal—a beautiful form. And what does Form accomplish? It reveals beauty. A third fact to remember.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Perfume of Gardens.



HAT comes out of the ground, depending on it for food and drink and shelter? The plants and trees. And because the earth affords them so much they strive to copy her ways. If we get down to the earth and look closely at one of the commonest things upon it we shall see something worth the trouble. What is it that attracts us in a grass-blade? No two of them are in every particular the same, yet we admire the exquisite shape of every one. Does anything taper more gracefully to a point? Are any lines more firm than the two along the outside of the leaf? Remember that these lines really support the leaf. And, holding it against

the light, is it not a wonder how the lines of strength, coming up from the base, make to a point? Could there be more orderliness in anything?

Now if we turn from a grass-blade to a daisy we shall be delighted to note how exquisitely shaped it is in every part. I have in mind the ox-eye daisy.* The flower gives us the impression of a circle of white, outside of a circle of yellow; and the white petals are as finely formed as the grass-blade. (Do you know that these white petals are really flowers? that each of them is a flower, I mean; and the daisy itself a bunch of flowers?) In every part the daisy is of good form and therefore easy to understand, like a crystal, a house, or a garden wall. As we study common things, things we see commonly, we shall be more and more surprised and delighted to find in them symmetry of plan, wisdom of design, simplicity of structure. All this is the art of Form.

Now let us get up from the ground and

* "Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum."

its beautiful forms of crystal and flower and see what man has put upon it. Perhaps we can best do this by looking down upon the earth as before. We see below us, grouped in multitudes of places, houses, parks, palaces, churches, schools, roads, wharves, in countless forms. Places for work, for play, for education, for worship, all these are beneath us. Tell me what it is that we notice at once about them? Two things, you will say—beautiful lines and beautiful colors. Every building has its distinctive shape, if it is well made, and each of the thousands we see, is attractive after its kind. In the parks where the flower beds are, and the fountains and the walks, we see the most graceful curves and lines, united for the two-fold purpose of looking well and making the most of the room. I have said that we admire the well-made buildings. What is it that makes the badly-constructed buildings in-attractive? It is the absence of good proportion, of fine lines, of Form in fact. When a building is made after the laws of true Form what is gained? These things :

Convenience, economy of space, beauty, and clearness.

We have spoken of lines. We shall learn, if we become observant, that not only has good work beautiful lines balancing well, *but the worker makes attractive lines with his hands and body as he labors.* We shall learn that fine workers, workers of fine sensibilities, have no angular, awkward motions about them; the result of their motions is work that is not angular and awkward. A gardener skilled in the use of hand and rake makes the most attractive motions as he works the ground. The miner with his pick, the mower with his scythe, always show us simple motions executed without loss of power, which in the end make good work. We may learn it as a law that the moment a person has learned to do an action correctly, he at the same time has learned to do it gracefully.

And when we look down upon the earth from above we see the garden flowers and the wild flowers only as tiny specks of color; or, perhaps, we do not see them at all. But we know that not a leaf nor a

petal, no, not even a blade of grass, exists that is not exquisitely shaped and worthy of the study one may give it. This knowledge is one of the delights of a garden. We shall learn that it is also a delight in many other things.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Under the Lofty Spire.



LET us step into one of the buildings we see. It is a cathedral. The aisles and seats are orderly in their arrangement. The columns and their shafts are grouped in good form opposite each other, the windows with their perpendicular lines are evenly divided and beautified, not only with colors but with flowing lines and designs that make them seem almost as rich in effect as great bunches of blossoms. Everywhere there are clustered columns, trefoil openings, rich carvings, intersecting arches, vaulting, full of free lines like creeping vines. All these things captivate us at once and give us two great thoughts.

There come to us as we look upon it all the thought of strength and the beauty of line and color ; principally of line, for color is not always abundant. Now the strength comes to a cathedral because, in building it, men have paid heed to lines. And paying heed to lines is building in Form. So, too, do men build their finest houses, displaying Form not merely in the building itself, but in all that is within it ; in carpets, rugs, tapestries, chairs, in window draperies, mouldings, wall papers, and all else. And by reason of Form not only are houses stronger and the things within them more beautiful, but we understand them better for it. This truth we discovered in the beginning.

While we were wandering about the cathedral, speaking of the houses men build, we did not notice the people come in and take their places, as if awaiting something. Now someone is reading. The lines are rhythmical and succeed each other in groups. Now the people arise and sing the lines of words which were read, and we notice that they sing a certain

number, then begin again and sing as many others, and so on until all the groups have been given to the music.

Let us take up a book and see what it is they sing. Here are the words grouped together by lines, four in each group, and there are many groups. And we notice that the pairs of lines sound similarly at the end. This we call rhyming. Now what is accomplished by writing words in groups of lines and by pairing these lines by rhyme? By this there is accomplished just what men strive to put into all their handiwork, the quality of Form.

But do not put the book down yet. There is something else to be seen. Each stanza of the poem is sung to the same music. Each stanza has four lines, and if we listen while the people sing, we shall hear that the music separates itself into four portions, the final note of each bearing this sign, , to indicate a pause. This teaches us a wonderful thing ; in fact, from it we discover that as men learn to think words into stanzas of form and rhyme, so composers, in setting music to the stanzas,

pay heed and respect to the Form of the words and follow it in the music they write, thus inspiring Form into it. And if this be true about a simple song which we hear in the church service, it is quite as true of the other music which we learn.

Let us take a musical composition and examine it to see if the composer has divided it as carefully as the lines in the hymn divide the church song. If we open a copy of Robert Schumann's "Album for the Young" to the little work called *Volksliedschen*, and read it carefully, we shall be impressed with the fact that the melody tells the first part of its story in the first four measures. There are two reasons for this. The first reason is, the sense of the melody seems for the first time complete at this point ; and the second reason is, there is a decisive and dignified cadence there. Then, the little sentence having been once said we wonder what comes next. If we play the chords in the fourth measure and listen intently we shall be impressed with the fact that the

cadence, though simple and beautiful, is yet not satisfactory. It gives us the impression of unrest, of being inclined to open into something else for a satisfactory continuation and conclusion.

Continuing with the rest of the melody we find that just as many measures follow as we have already examined. Then there is a stop, indicated by a double-bar. The second four measures are almost identical with the first four, the cadence alone differs, being restless the first time, restful the second. The parts are alike as to length, very nearly alike as to melody, but opposed as to cadence. What was the intention in that restless cadence? To make us feel a desire to hear the melody again with a restful end. The composer seems to devote the first cadence to teasing us, and the second cadence to pleasing us.

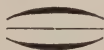
Thus far we have a well-constructed bit of music, artistically formed out of two equal parts, like a divided window in a cathedral.

Let us next look at the last eight measures. In their serious character they

resemble those we have already played, yet they are not the same. Let us look closely. Perhaps music can hide itself away like crystals, and coax us to seek it out. In the upper part of the left-hand we find the theme, *Im Klagenden Ton*; hidden away, for four measures, beneath the right-hand chords, then out it comes, in both parts, as songful as possible; noble and dignified.

Now Schumann has sung this melody twice; and he knows that something between the first and second time will be welcome; it is also natural and artistic. How many measures shall it be? As many as in the part we have already had, eight. Of what character? As different as possible, different melody, different style. Has he so written it? Yes; making the music as merry as possible, so that this middle part is as a flood of sunshine, breaking in between the sombre first part and its repeat. As we hear this played what is the picture? A dignified melody, a vivacious melody, the dignified melody again. In brief, three parts; the first and third the same, and

the middle different. It might be pictured thus :—



Now this form of three parts, like a clover leaf, like the three-part cathedral window, like the trefoil, like myriads of ornamental designs, is one of the commonest in music. After this pattern hundreds of compositions are made. And throughout music we find a few classes of Forms, repeated over and over again, not all alike in exact details ; but all after the same model. Of the Forms most commonly used let us learn three :—

1. The Song Forms (of which the Volksliedschen is one).
2. The Rondo Form.
3. The Sonata Form.

There are, of course, others ; but these are important ones. Now think of the wonder of having multitudes of music compositions, of having no two alike, and yet of following in all of them a very few Forms. We may say that in their writings

these men have brought together in perfection the Forms of their time : Palestrina for Church music, Bach for Contrapuntal music, and Beethoven for Sonata and Symphonic music. •

It has been a long way, has it not, from the handful of sand to the cathedral song?

But we have learned all along the way the one simple truth, that the beautiful lesson set to men by nature has been followed by them in all the works of their hands and thoughts. We have, as I have said, come a long way, and just at the end only have we spoken of music ; but by going over the long way slowly we have learned much, and we shall understand music Forms the better for it.

And let us not forget that we have come up to this step by step from a grain of sand.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Music Building.



PERHAPS it seemed a long way, in our last chapter, from a handful of sand-grains to music. Yet the way showed us much that was interesting; there were many things to see and to consider, and they all taught us that an expression of beautiful Form is to be found in nature and in art. Be it a quartz crystal, a clover leaf, or a window in some great cathedral, we may be sure that nature has made the crystal and the leaf with a plan which men have learned from her example to put into the cathedral windows—into the cathedrals themselves, into the art that is within them, into the music, the poetry and the decorations, even into the ruder

works of their hands, a plan which in nature is beautiful ; and they strive to imitate it.

We may be sure that there is a wise purpose in this. You have, perhaps, noticed in your books, that the writer has taken care to make the chapter tell something definite, that portions of the chapter are clearly given, each in its paragraph, and that the paragraphs are, for their part, made up of sentences each of which conveys a meaning complete in itself. Now the art of making a really valuable book consists of two things, important before all others : first, a valuable thought to express ; next, a way to express it that is perfectly clear and easy to understand. Men have written sentences, pages, whole portions of their books, over and over again, so that the meaning shall be expressed in a manner as simple and as direct as possible. This can be attained only by patience, labor, and love for the task. Sometimes men have written thoughts which, we may say, lay smouldering for years in the mind before they came forth for expression. Now the

care, the loving, patient care, it is, which a writer takes to express his thought clearly, is his endeavor to give his writing the quality known as Form.

In building men have always tried to follow a design. In some works the form is severely simple, as in the Egyptian Pyramids; in others we find a wondrous display of beautiful lines and clustered details, as in the Corinthian capital. This teaches us that wherever we find this tendency, men have learned to say their message in a simple way, in a clear and direct way, that it may be readily understood by others. That is the main point in it, and let us repeat it :—

So to express the thought that it shall be readily understood by others.

Indeed, is not this the guiding thought in the building of our houses? What do we aim to secure? First, just the rooms we want, arranged as we need them, each suitable in itself and conveniently connected with the others. Then we seek to have the house without as attractive as possible, the windows and doors set in first

for use—that is, for light and air—but also for beauty and adornment ; while within, one of the pleasures of life is to make the rooms as delightful as possible. That does not decrease their usefulness, you must know ; *it really makes that usefulness more delightful.* Now there is a law in true building :—

Ornament that takes away from the general use shall not be allowed.

This is also a law in art, and in life itself.

A moment ago we spoke of such simple Form as we find in the Pyramids, and of richer Forms as the Corinthian capital. Do you remember that when we stepped into the cathedral during service we heard, in the quietude and the mellow light, the cathedral song ? The voices, blending in their tone-purity, marked clearly the ends of the lines of the poem to which the choral song was set. What we really heard was the music giving forth a tone-picture of the poetry of the hymn. The pauses punctuated the music ; dividing it into clear portions or lines. We may regard our National

song, "America," as a choral song. As we listen to it there will be made clear to us the fact that the whole melody has points where it is natural to stop. Some of these are more forcible than others. Those at the sixth and fourteenth measures are the strongest ; but there are weaker end-points, *each corresponding with the line-ends of the poem.* When we come to think of it, we shall see it is by virtue of this character of end-points in melody that the sense comes out.

If now we step into the concert-room where a Symphony is performing we shall be at once reminded, by the luxurious music, of the Corinthian capital. We shall miss the simplicity of the choral song. In the Symphony we shall discover such immense riches of tone as to bewilder us. No sooner do we think to understand a little sentence than off it runs and we hear it taken up somewhere else in the orchestra, carried farther, turned to another light, changed a bit here and a bit there, until we wonder if the composer has not forgotten all about Form and

is now telling us a music message without it.

But we can be sure that a true composer will tell us his thoughts clearly, and, for our part, we must learn as much as we can about the art of message-telling, so that we shall understand what great message-writers have to say.

In music history the choral is one of the first blossoms of the music garden, and the symphony is one of the last. The one is the child of the fifteenth century, the other has come to its most wonderful development only in this, the nineteenth century, in which century there have lived the greatest symphonic writers: Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Brahms. But you may say, "a choral is a little thing, while the symphony is a great work of art, and the one means little beside the other." Never mind their difference, however, but let us keep in mind this one fact: as we listen to the choral or to the National song, we shall feel that the sense in the poetry lines helps us to understand the music. It punctuates the music for us.

In like manner this principle of punctuation is to be found in the symphony. We may not learn to see it all in a moment ; but if we travel the way, patiently, we shall become able to listen to the greatest orchestras of the world understandingly.

To be sure, there is no poem present to help us find the punctuation-points by its line-ends, but there was a poem present in the composer's heart when he wrote the Symphony ; a poem not of words, but one demanding expression as definite and as Formful as if it were written in the mother-tongue.

All this we cannot learn in a moment. But if we study patiently and listen, listen with all the mind-power concentrated, we shall day by day find these things more simple, clear, and exquisite ; because our power for finding meanings is growing stronger. Then the music of the greatest orchestras of the world shall be as delightful and as clear as the song of the choir under the lofty spire.

CHAPTER XXV.

What Care Does.



WHEN the choral was really well established in the German churches, songs of praise were thenceforth in the mouths of the people, and as with one voice "they sang unto the Lord a new song." Soon after the advent of the choral, there came a man whose great mission it was to write music for the mother church, in Rome, in a manner purer and more dignified than had been the custom. This man was Palestrina. His mission, remember, was with the *purity* of vocal music. Then, after some years, came Bach and Handel, two composers of Germany, who wrote wonderfully for the voice, the organ, and the form of piano then in use.

By Bach, many kinds of music, that for years had been growing in the countries of Europe as wild flowers, were gently transplanted to his garden and cared for until they gained more beautiful colors and attractive shape. This shape is their Form.

We find in Bach's works great care displayed in arranging things in an orderly manner. He sets unto himself models of correct doing. For example, if your teacher will show you a book of Suites written by Bach, you will see that he had very precise ideas as to how the little pieces should be grouped ; there is a unity of key, and each of the dance movements is divided into two parts. If the key be major the first part has the dominant ending and the last the tonic ; and if the key be minor the first part ends in the dominant or in the related major key and the last part in the tonic. Then you will notice that usually the first double bar concludes not quite half the composition, and that at each of the double bars there is a repeat.

Now all this was not done for the first time by Bach. He simply worked with great care and exactness. Such careful work was, if you remember, just what Franco did. One of the lessons of history is this :—

Great men do carefully what most other people do heedlessly.

So thoroughly right was Bach that we follow his plan to this day. If you will open a book of Sonatas by Mozart, Haydn, or Beethoven you will see that the Suite which Bach perfected in the music of his day, has given rise to a Form which is even greater, which would not have been, had he not taken the pains and given the labor to show what wonderful thoughts could be expressed in the collection of dance tunes which he has left us.

Two things about the Suite will at once seem familiar to us if we have studied carefully. They are these : First—the Sonatas are also groups of different movements. Second—there will usually be found one or more movements in the Sonata, which is provided with double bars quite in the

same manner as we saw in the Suites. *And the double bar divides the movement into two parts, the first part being the shorter.* But you will, if you are very observant, notice another fact or two: The Sonata has not all its movements in the same key, and the movements are usually very much longer than those of the Suite. Out of this observation we learn that as men have written the lesson taught them by Bach, they have, bit by bit, enlarged it, until at length quite a new artistic Form has been produced. I said bit by bit; it would be better to say step by step, for we can trace the Sonata from the days of Bach to the present time, and find the growth as simple and as plain to understand as possible. One of the sons of Bach—Carl Philipp Emanuel—has left us a fine collection of Sonatas, which grew out of his later knowledge combined with the lessons taught him by his father. Then came Haydn and Mozart, both of whom carried the work farther than they found it, and finally Beethoven, the student of all of them, learned the ways of his

predecessors, saw clearly what they had accomplished and what more they could have done had they lived, and dutifully, as if performing a task assigned to him, devoted his life to making more and yet more of the Sonata.

It has been taught us that he who works faithfully labors better than he knows. Out of Bach's great care to make the Suites the greatest models of his day, he taught the lesson that brought forth the Sonata.

At the time of which we are speaking the orchestra was much improved upon what it was even a hundred years before, when the first operas and oratorios were produced. The moment therefore that Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven learned the Sonata lesson it became clear to them that Sonatas were quite as available for the orchestra as for the piano, and so they wrote them for that purpose. And that gave us the Symphony.

Now, there is quite a lesson in this chapter, if you have been attentive, and the main points teach us :—

- I. That Form is necessary, because it presents thought in an orderly way that makes it easy for others to understand.
- II. That music, like other activities, has its simple Form as in the Chorale, and its greater Form as in the Symphony, both being clearly made after its kind.
- III. That Bach looked about himself, saw what men were doing with music, wrote the compositions of his day in a manner more orderly and artistic than anyone else.
- IV. That the lessons so well learned and expressed by Bach were not lost to the world, but became the direct inspiration of his son, of Mozart, of Haydn, and of Beethoven.
- V. That these men wrote the Sonata, and with it the Symphony, *simply because Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach's father took great care.*

Farewell

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Welcome ever smiles, and Farewell goes out sighing.
—*Troilus and Cressida*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Svânî-Rain and Pearl-Making.



LT has been a long way. Do you wonder why we came? Now, we were above the earth, then upon it ; now in distant lands, next, in distant times ; listening to Homer in the banquet-hall ; singing with the Psalmist ; watching the minstrelsy of Rome ; wandering with the cobbler ; intent upon the savage dance. What is it all for ; what does it all mean ?

We have learned a few things on the way. Distant lands and distant times are not so unlike home and to-day. We have learned that. And we know now, that all the people of the world, high or low, civilized or not, are tone-lovers. Not only have we learned this, but we have learned also

that each is a tone-lover after his own heart. Thus the music of men or of nations is as great or small as they themselves. Music is no friend to a pretender. Somehow it finds out what is within and displays it, shows it plainly to everyone. Those things which we take into life are as lights showing what there is within.

If we discover what music is expressed by a people, we can learn from it what the people are. It displays them ; shows the inner self and its motives. It is the same with one of us. It is easy, then, to understand why there is savage music and why there is pure music ; why people of rude ways love music of a rude kind ; why people *who are creeping up* drop the rude songs for higher ones. It will be with us, if we wish it, as we saw it with the Greenlanders at the church service in the *Igloo*. If we creep up by our own wish we shall not only understand and enjoy purer music, but we shall need it, demand it, just as we must have air to breathe.

Think of the wonder of music ; a power in every heart—that means hearts of an

infinite number of kinds—which may be developed as greatly as one desires. A power this is, shared by all alike. What can it mean? For what do people use music chiefly? We have heard it all over the world, and it has been employed by all in many ways, the commonest of which is worship ; not one kind of worship alone, but many kinds. Whether men sing songs Under the Lofty Spire, songs of home, of love, of country, of days and seasons, of rare events, of happiness, they sing in all these their thankfulness, their heart-joy; and such singing is always worship. Great songs, great music of all kinds, is as an offering from the heart of the singer and composer to the Giver of talent, saying :—

For what Thou hast endowed
me, accept this, my work, as an
offering, and may it be for a sign
that the talent slumbers not.

One benefit of our music journey is this : We have learned that all over the world, in happiness and in misery, in plenty and in want, in rare moments and in hours of

trial, people feel a power within that bids them turn aside and say a deep, secret, sacred feeling in beautiful tones. It may not be said aloud, it may spin on and on, a veritable never-ending thread of melody, as poor, lonesome Gogo Pasquier had it ; but it is there. Is that not a mystery? Into our hearts, like Svâtî rain, music has fallen, and it works ceaselessly making song-pearls.

And what about the other side of the picture ; not the joy of music, but the science and practice of it? These have aimed at music's perfection ; they are as a quest to find the deeper meanings of song. Men have worked earnestly that music might be brought into life. Some have made bits of scale, another notes, others have contributed other signs and ways ; *all have been striving to give music-writing greater exactness.* And the purpose of it all is, that music should carry definite messages from the mind of the composer to the minds of all those who are eager to read great messages.

Of the finding of signs, ways, rules ; of

the testing of all these ; of men, places, dates, and facts ; is Music History. Some day you will study all these particulars. But you can never learn them rightly in a short time ; it takes many years for all the facts to find a secure lodging place ; nor can you ever learn them properly until the spirit of it all is in the mind ; the spirit of it all is as the aroma of the rose, a joy in itself, that makes us want to know. When the spirit is known, the rest comes naturally.

When we were above the earth, the details were not so clear ; we could not see pebbles, nor sand-grains, nor grass-blades. But we saw the beautiful rotund earth, and knew that all these things came out of the heart and the life of it. The history of Song is the tale of finding a way, a clearer and ever-clearer way, for telling the messages of the heart ; the history of Signs is the tale of the ways and means men have taken to get heart-messages exactly expressed ; the history of Form is again the tale of the way men have taken to tell the message at once clearly and beautifully.

Once before we had Some Things to Remember. Here again are a few. In every moment that you study great stories—like the story of music, of architecture, of painting, of anything, in short—they will help you :—

- I. Music all over the Busy World, to savage and to civilized alike, is as a mirror reflecting *Character*.
- II. Music, as we find it to-day in the Busy World, is a picture of what music has been in the past.
- III. The First Songs came—and songs continue to come—because there is something put into the hearts of everyone which cannot be expressed in words.
- IV. Music makes men creep up. We know this, for we have seen them Learning the Better Song. Everyone who studies music with care is a Learner of the Better Song.
- V. We know, again, that men have always loved music and wondered

at its power, because they have told Poetry Stories about it.

- VI. In Egypt, in Bible-lands, in Greece and Rome, music entered the daily life *as a character-revealer*; just so it enters ours to-day. Some details are different, but on the whole the pictures are the same.
- VII. Makers of signs, and others of their kind, have sought ways by which music should be more exactly read by all. These men have been helping the message-writer to be accurately understood.
- VIII. No one has yet dreamed how high the Wonderful Ladder can reach.
- IX. The Emperor's character came out in the class, just as much as in travels, wars, and the affairs of empire.
- X. The Wandering Singers are not departed. The earth to-day is covered with them.
- XI. The power that teaches birds and spiders to make beautiful things,

is in man the power that loves wonderful lines and forms. Music is built as cathedrals—by a plan—with the details wonderfully wrought out.

XII. In all times, places, and employments, they are great men who do simple things to perfection ; *worshiping in every act.*

Has anyone caught a drop of the Wonderful Rain?

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Mysterious Lines.



WHEN we were above the earth we saw many things ; some plainly, others indistinctly. We learned, however, that things—even sand-grains—are well worth looking at, and exist because there is a purpose for them. Some day the thought will come that it is the same with us ; we exist because there is a purpose.

Everywhere upon the earth we see strange lines ; they lead in all directions, running now straight, now crooked ; sometimes orderly, side by side, or in clear angles ; at other times as mixed up and confused as a spider's web that has been blown by the wind into a puzzling tangle.

They look like a veritable maze. Can one ever understand them, their leading and their purpose?

Let us go closer to the earth. Now we see that they are not lines at all, but streets, and roads, and lanes, and pathways. See how they lead from land to land, from city to city, from home to home, *from person to person!* Are they not wonderful? And what do they mean? They mean that people are travelers.

See them passing to and fro, going hither and thither; restless, moving, never ceasing; here to-day, somewhere else to-morrow. What are they? *They are path-makers.* So are we. Go where we will, when we will, there is always something left behind us, like writing in the book of Mother Earth—footsteps. What tell-tales they are! Is it wiser to go heedlessly, or to leave a good writing? Every great name in history is the name of a great path-maker. They are the best leaders. Follow them, *no matter how far behind; the path is sure.*

Yes, yes, it all sounds true enough; but

what are these paths to us? It is not pleasant, surely, after becoming so well acquainted, to think that we cannot always be together. It would be fine, no doubt. But let us not regret too much if it may not last. We have seen many parts of the earth; lived in many times; and from both we have learned to understand our own day and our own tasks better and better. May it not last a little longer?

As there is a day for gathering joyously together, and going forth into new ways: so, likewise, there comes a day in the journey when we find ourselves at the cross-roads. In myriads of directions the paths lead off; and we must say good-bye to all those about us and follow one of the paths. It may not lead far clearly; and from the point where it ceases we must make the way alone.

In this moment we are at the parting of the ways. Shall we never again listen together to the singing multitudes of the earth? It may never be. But have we not much to think of as we go on the way alone? We must remember, in every step

we take, that, as we have now and then been looking down upon the people of the earth, Someone may be looking upon us ; *watching the path we make.*

Perhaps it would be wise to have a rule about paths, before we say farewell. Let us agree to this :—

That we shall make the path upwards, no matter how difficult it may be.

The air is rarer there, the sky nearer, songs sound clearer, and the starlight is more wondrous. Yes, let us go upwards. Maybe, far, far up, there is a place whither all the paths lead, a place where we shall be again together. And on the way, if we may entice others to go up, the gathering will be greater. We must not look down, and as we make the path we must sing ; yes, we must sing, that is certain ; it makes the face bright and the heart light. And on dark days when the storm comes, sing then, too, for it may be Svâtî rain that falls ; and its drops are wonder-working.

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